

The TATLER

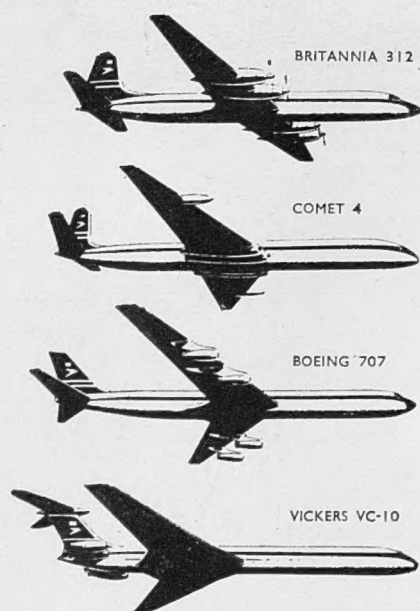
JULY 23, 1958

& BYSTANDER

(2/-)



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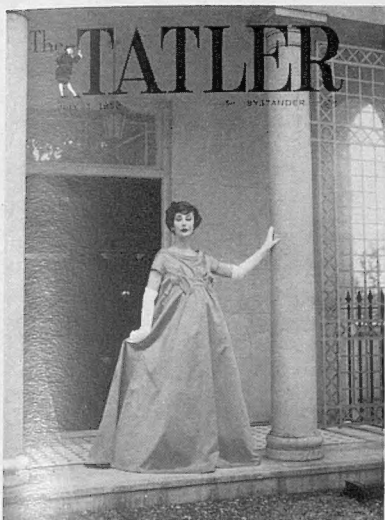


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DIARY of the week

FROM 24 JULY TO 30 JULY

THURSDAY 24 JULY

Royal Engagement: The Queen and Prince Philip visit the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show, Bangor, Caernarvonshire.

Cricket: The fourth Test Match between England and New Zealand at Old Trafford, Manchester.

FRIDAY 25 JULY

Dancing: The International Dancing Festival (to 2 August) at Edinburgh.

THE NAME OF WORTH lives on, though the original fashion house, founded in Paris 100 years ago, is no longer in business. An article about the man responsible for this enduring reputation appears on page 148. His name is preserved in Britain by Worth of Grosvenor Street—and by Worth Wholesale, who made this striking evening dress. It is in peony satin, cut in the style of the First Empire. (From Woollands, Knightsbridge: about 62 gns.)

AN illustrated account of a visit to the racecourses and racing stables of the famous "blue-grass" state will appear in next week's issue. Also: The Month in Paris by Priscilla and The Portrait Painting of Sir Gerald Kelly

Trials: English National Championship Sheep Dog Trials at Torquay (two days).

SATURDAY 26 JULY

Royal Engagement: The Queen and Prince Philip visit Cardiff and attend the closing ceremonies of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games.

Festival: King's Lynn Festival of Music and the Arts (to 2 August).

Aviation: National Gliding Week (to 4 August).

Horticulture: Ash Flower Show at Ash, near Canterbury.

SUNDAY 27 JULY

Ceremony: The Annual Pilgrimage to the Chapel of Our Lady, Hastings, Sussex.

Royal Engagement: The Queen and Prince Philip visit the Isles of Scilly in the Royal Yacht Britannia.

MONDAY 28 JULY

Festival: Summer Festival of Elizabethan-Jacobean plays at the Open Air Theatre, Stratford on Avon (to 16 August).

Bowls: The Brighton Bowls Tournament (to 2 August).

TUESDAY 29 JULY

Flat Racing at Goodwood (to 1 August).

WEDNESDAY 30 JULY

Agriculture: Nantwich Agricultural Show at Dorfold Park, Nantwich, Cheshire.

Show: Cheltenham Horse Show.

Horticulture: Sandringham Flower Show.

Athletics: The City Charity Athletic Contests on the University of London athletic ground, Motspur Park, London.

Cricket: Surrey v. New Zealand at the Oval (to 1 August).

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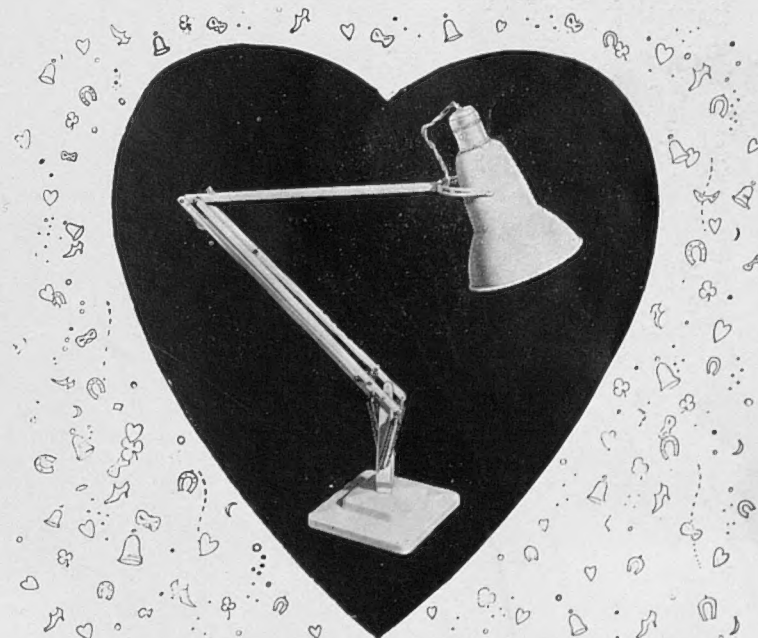
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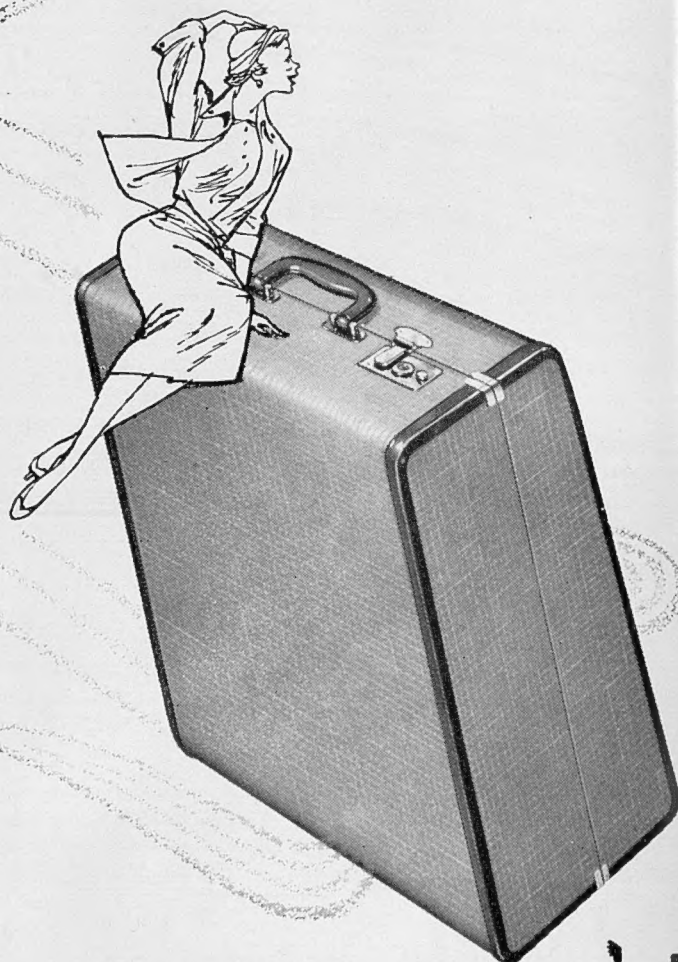
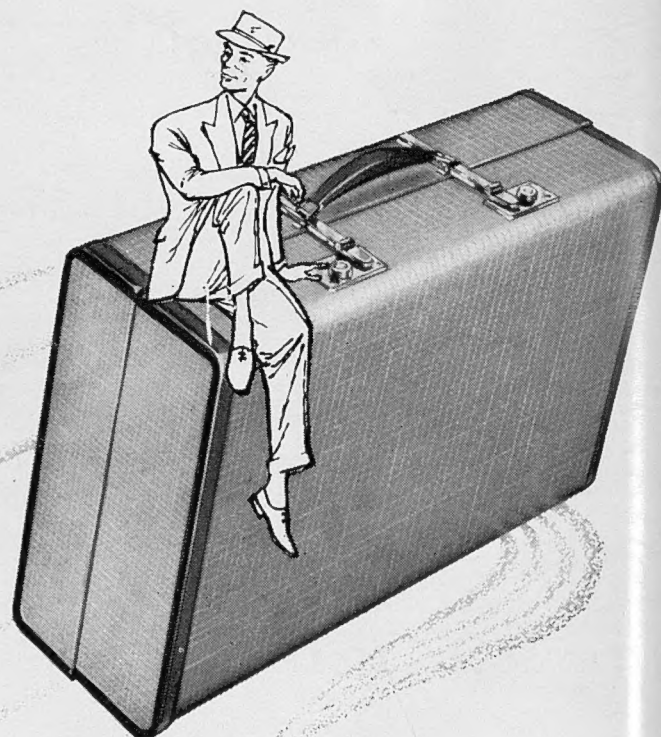
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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXIX. No. 2976

23 July 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

She shapes stars

TO DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS belongs not only the greatest share, perhaps, of credit for the achievements of British ballet, but the responsibility for its prospects. Another term ends today at the Royal Ballet School in Richmond Park, which she founded. From among the students there or at the senior branch in Colet Gardens must be found the next generation of star dancers. Dame Ninette (known in the schools, like every ballet-teacher, as "Madame") takes part in the selection at every stage.

She attends the annual auditions for ten-year-olds and older children seeking to enter the school. She goes round the classes each year to choose new members for the Royal Ballet Company. And her influence

on their careers continues on stage, where they may find themselves dancing in ballets created by her (*Job*, *The Rake's Progress*).

Dame Ninette (the title was awarded in 1951) is the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel who was killed during World War One. In 1935 she married Dr. A. B. Connell, and their home is at Sunningdale. She first started a school of her own when she left the Diaghileff company. In those days every British dancer had to have a Continental name (Dame Ninette, born in Dublin, changed hers from Edris Stannus). Today, thanks largely to her efforts, British ballet has reached such stature that native names like Somes, Grey, Taylor, Clegg and Edwards, now crowd the ballet programmes.



THE HURLINGHAM CLUB held its annual summer ball in its own grounds. *First picture:* Captain & Mrs. R. N. Rump, with Lady & Sir Charles Norton. He is the club chairman. *Second picture:* Mrs. G. H. Loxton-Peacock and Sir Arthur



SPORT AND SOCIAL



Desmond O'Neill



THE EMPIRE GAMES BALL was held at Grosvenor House. One of its aims was to raise money for an English team competing in the British Empire & Commonwealth Games. *First picture:* Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, who lives in Nassau, and Miss Mitzi Beer, who sold programmes. *Second picture:* Captain &

Mrs. Michael Naylor-Leyland at the tombola. *Third picture:* Sir John & Lady Pascoe. He is head of British Timken. *Fourth picture:* Mrs. Edward Sieff (left), ball vice-chairman, Earl Beatty, and the Countess of Westmorland, chairman of the ball. Mrs. Sieff's husband is a Marks & Spencer executive

Hay, Bt., the architect. *Third picture:* Earl & Countess Jermyn in the grounds, which were floodlit. *Fourth picture:* Mrs. I. A. Dowling with Colonel R. F. J. Hayward. He won the V.C. in the Wiltshire Regiment at the end of World War One



Van Hallen

The Burlington Club's summer ball
The Empire Games ball



STOKES

JOKES

- 3



**Crane—Greenwood**

Miss Jennifer Mary Greenwood, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Greenwood, of Chartfield House, Limpsfield, Surrey, married Mr. William David Crane, son of Sir William Crane, C.B.E., & Lady Crane, of Clumber Crescent, Nottingham, at St. Peter's Church, Limpsfield

**Newton—Howgill**

Miss Pauline Jane Howgill, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. F. Howgill, of Lone Oak, Oxshott, Surrey, married Sir Michael Newton, Bt., of Holland Park, W.11, son of the late Sir Harry Newton, and of Lady Newton, of The Wood, Battle, Sussex, at St. Mary's, Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey

**Cubitt—Campbell**

Miss Linda Ishbel Campbell, daughter of the Hon. Angus & Mrs. Campbell, of Doddington Cottage, Nantwich, Cheshire, married Mr. Hugh Guy Cubitt, son of Col. the Hon. C. G. & Mrs. Cubitt, of Highbarn, Effingham, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Collins—Barbor**

Miss Valerie Anne Barbor, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Ronald Barbor, of Porchester Terrace, W.2, married Mr. Anthony Kenneth Collins, son of Mr. Kenneth Collins, of Albert Hall Mansions, and Lady Hunter Blair, of Blairquhan, Ayrshire, at Holy Trinity Brompton

**Dobson—Hope**

The Hon. Anne Mary Hope, only daughter of Lord & Lady Rankeillour, of Mapledurham House, near Reading, Berks, married Mr. Stephen Dobson, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. John Dobson, The Old Vicarage, Farnsfield, Notts, at Mapledurham House Chapel

**Thistlethwayte—Batt**

Miss Sarah Elisabeth Batt, daughter of Major & the Hon. Mrs. William Batt of Gresham Hall, Norwich, married Capt. Peter Thomas Thistlethwayte, son of the late Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. T. Thistlethwayte, of Twyford, Hants, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

SOCIAL JOURNAL

This dance was a showpiece

by JENNIFER

ONE of the biggest dances of the season was given by Lady George Scott and Lady Edith Foxwell for Miss Georgina Scott and Miss Zia Foxwell. Heading the list of some 800 guests were the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester (the duchess is Lady George Scott's sister-in-law), who gave a dinner party. The ball took place at the Dorchester, where the ballroom and restaurant, opened together, made an ideal setting for an event of this size. As at Miss Davina Nutting's dance, a fountain played into a flower-surrounded pool beside the dance floor. A coloured band played in the middle of the room in an ornate bandstand erected for the evening; and there was a night club and a milk-bar, both beautifully done.

Lord George Scott and Mr. Ivan Foxwell were busy looking after their friends, and nearly every débutante of this year was present as well as a few of past years (including Miss Henrietta Tiarks in white). There were plenty of young men for them to dance with.

Orders and decorations were worn by the men and many of the women wore tiaras. Among those who gave dinner parties and whom I afterwards met at the ball were the Marquess & Marchioness Townshend, Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke, Sir Henry & Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Lord & Lady Aberdare, Sir Simon & Lady Marks, Viscount Astor and the Hon. Neville & Mrs. Berry; she is one of the best hostesses in London at her home in Wilton Place, and looked attractive in a soft flame organza dress with a diamond necklace and tiara. Also: Sir William & the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, Judge Maude & the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Glover, that good-looking couple Lord & Lady Kilmarnock, Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman, Mr. Willoughby & the Hon. Mrs. Norman, the Hon. George Ward, Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson, and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Foster whose daughter Gay came in too for a short time. It was her first party since her bad car crash early last month.

Other older guests I met at the ball included Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn, Marquess Camden, Mr. & Mrs. Winslow from New York, Mr. & Mrs. Shepridge, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Weldon, and Major Mervyn & Lady Violet Vernon, Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Sir Robert Craigie, Col. & Mrs. Murray Lawes, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mr. & Mrs. Arpad Plesch talking to the Maharanee of Baroda who was wearing a fabulous diamond necklace with immense stones, and Col. & Mrs. John Ward who sat for a long time talking to the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester.

Cocktails with the Canadians

The Canadian High Commissioner Mr. George Drew and his charming wife have quickly become two of the most popular members of the Commonwealth and diplomatic circle in London. Mrs. Drew, who is artistic, has already worked wonders with the décor and rearrangement of their official home in Upper Brook Street, which now makes one of the finest settings for entertaining in London. Mr. & Mrs. Drew invited a few friends in for a small and uncrowded cocktail party after the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. Their pretty 18-year-old daughter Sandra was there to help them with the guests.

Mrs. Drew's father, Mr. Edward Johnson, a considerable figure in the world of music, was also present, greeting many friends. After a brilliant career singing in opera both in America and Europe

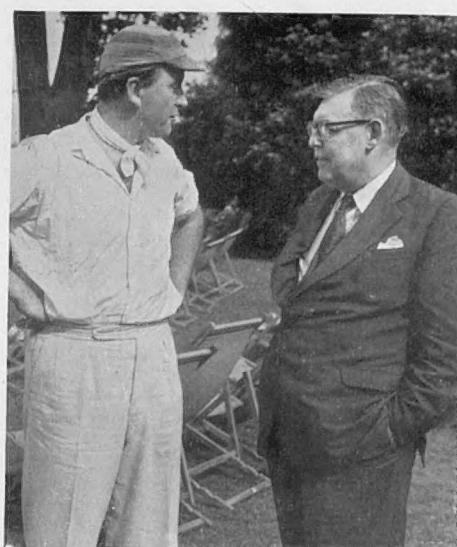


Tory M.P.s play cricket

Conservative agents beat Conservative M.P.s by seven wickets in a cricket match at Hurlingham Club. Above: Five M.P.s, Mr. David Gibson-Watt (Hereford), Mr. Michael Noble (Argyll), Mr. C. Orr-Ewing (Hendon), Lt.-Col. W. H. Bromley-Davenport (Knutsford), and Mr. Julian Ridsdale (Harwich)



Left: Miss Felicity Lambert, an assistant librarian, Mr. Anthony Greenland of the Conservative Research Dept., and Miss Caroline Luscombe, a secretary. Right: Miss F. Young, Personal Assistant to Viscount Hailsham, and Mrs. Henry Brooke, wife of the Housing Minister



Desmond O'Neill



Left: Mr. David Price, M.P. (Eastleigh), with Mr. R. Bagnall, the Chief Agent. Right: Top scorer Sir Charles Mott-Radcliffe (Windsor), the M.P.s' captain, and his rival skipper, Mr. W. J. Wilkins, agent for Guildford

A coming-out for two

Lady Des Voeux and Mrs. Douglas Pilkington gave a gay dance for their débutante daughters, Miss Elizabeth Des Voeux and Miss Fiona Pilkington. It was held in the Pilkingtons' house, Flexford, at Highclere, Hampshire. At the end of the lawn was a small tent lined with palm trees, with subdued lighting and soft music, and there was a second dance-floor in a large marquee. The evening was balmy and warm, and chairs were arranged about the garden (which had floodlit trees) for sitting out.

Among the young people I saw enjoying this pleasant evening were: Miss Penelope Graham, Miss Philippa Drummond, Miss Zia Foxwell and Miss Georgina Scott (both looking fresh, despite their own coming-out dance the previous night), Miss Sally Croker-Poole dancing with Mr. Peter Walwyn, Miss Sarah Norman, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Meriel Buxton from Cheshire dancing with Mr. Tim Burnett (who is filling in time working politically until he goes to Oxford), Mr. Richard Nicholson and his débutante sister Victoria, Miss Diana Wood, Mr. John Smiley, and Miss Jennifer Harrap shortly

off to stay with friends in America.

Miss Dawn Gordon-Houghton was there with her brother Fulke, who left early as he was riding in a "bumper" race at Worcester next day (which incidentally he won). Also: Miss Joanna Hustler attractive in red, Miss Joanna Hirsch, Miss Susan Casey, Miss Virginia Robertson, Miss Belinda Fox, Miss Ginny Dennistoun, Mr. John Coats, Miss Davan Adams, Mr. David Stoddart, Miss Georgina Turner, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, Miss Jane Durant, Miss Susie Hennessy, Miss Caroline Villiers, Miss Harriet Nares and the Hon. Mark Tennyson, who was playing in the two country-house cricket matches arranged over the weekend.

Older friends I met at the ball, many of whom had house parties and dinner parties, were the Hon. Freddie & Mrs. Hennessy, Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Baring, the Earl of Carnarvon, Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Bowring, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, Sir William Wrixon-Becher (who was playing in the cricket XI captained by Mr. Cobbold next day), and Mrs. Pilkington's sister Mrs. Derek Butler-Adams with her husband.

(especially in Italy where he created rôles in some of the modern Italian operas), he became general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York from 1935-1950 when he handed over to Mr. Rudolph Bing, whom he had chosen to succeed him. Among musical friends who met Mr. Johnson were the Earl & Countess of Harewood who talked with him for a long time—for Lord Harewood this was an especially happy reunion, for when he was A.D.C. in Canada he used to go down to New York and always visited Mr. Johnson at the Metropolitan.

During my brief stay at this cool and delightful party, I also met General Kitching, who has just arrived from Canada with his wife, to take up a three-year appointment here; he told me they were busy house-hunting. Also Col. Locke Malkin, who was for some years Comptroller at Government House, Mrs. Sydney Pierce whose husband the Deputy High Commissioner is at present visiting Canada, Mr. J. P. S. Armstrong the Agent-General for Ontario, and his attractive wife, Sir John Child and Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Robinson.

Music from a strolling player

The Hon. Mrs. Skyrme was lucky in having an exceptionally warm evening for the dance she gave for her pretty débutante daughter Miss Carolyn Skyrme at Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames. Carolyn looked enchanting in a pale yellow organza dress as she stood beside her mother (in royal blue chiffon) to receive their guests. Vases of garden flowers, beautifully arranged, were everywhere and guests strolled from the large, airy ballroom on to the terrace where they found a cool drink, then down to the lawns where deck chairs were arranged by the river bank. A strolling musician added magic to the evening and in a cleverly lit little tent there was



EXHIBITION.—Alan Sutherland, rising Scottish artist, with his portrait of Dr. Mary Meyers of Stogumber (Taunton), a Somerset magistrate. At 26, Sutherland has already held two "one-man" shows in Edinburgh. This portrait is to be exhibited in Paris and London



Miss Elizabeth Des Voeux, daughter of Lady Des Voeux, and Miss Fiona Pilkington, daughter of Mrs. Douglas Pilkington, at the dance held for them at Newbury

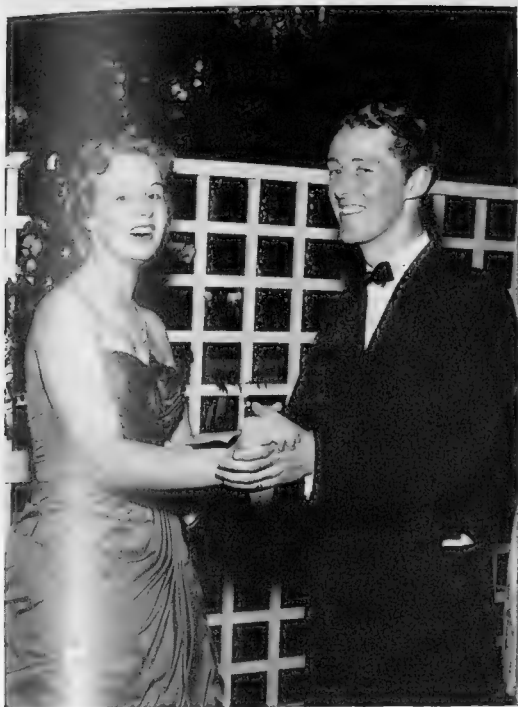
a fortune-teller. Around 1 a.m. a skiffle band arrived and played on the lawn.

Carolyn's uncle and aunts, Lord & Lady Lyle of Westbourne, the latter in white satin with rubies and diamonds, and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, who gave a dinner party, were present. Others who had given dinner parties included the Hon. Richard & Mrs. Iliffe, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, Mr. & Mrs. Burness, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Ballantyne, and Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Clifford Turner. I saw the Hon. Sherman & Mrs. Stonor who had dined with Mr. & Mrs. McAlpine, also Commander Lynch Maydon, M.P., & Mrs. Maydon, Mr. Neville Ford and Mr. Strickland Skailes who had all dined with their hostess. Among the many young people, I met two very attractive girls who were just having a "preliminary canter" as they make their official début next year; Lady Lemina Gordon, who looked sweet in pink satin dancing with her cousin Viscount Furneaux, and the Hon. Sarah Boyle who was in a printed dress. Also Miss Jane Hayter and her brother John, Mr. Michael Carr and his cousin Mr. Jonathan Softly, Lady Sarah-Jane Hope who looked enchanting in a short flowered dress, Mr. Ian McCorquodale just back from two weeks' salmon fishing in Scotland, Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor, Mr. John Adams, Miss Penelope Ballantyne, and the Hon. Belinda Hewitt. I left this young people's dance around midnight and motored back to London to go to the Empire Games Ball at Grosvenor House, and then on later to Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller's dance in the River Room at the Savoy.

A puppy was auctioned

The beautiful young Countess of Westmorland worked hard as chairman and made a success of the Empire Games Ball at Grosvenor House. Arriving rather late I found everyone enjoying it, and many guests surrounded by prizes they had won at the tombola, which I heard was one of the best arranged tombolas ever seen at a ball. This was largely due to the efforts of the vice-chairman Mrs. Edward Sieff, and one of the vice-presidents, Major A. Huskisson. Earl Beatty (another of the vice-presidents) was at the Earl & Countess of Westmorland's big table, as were Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd (a joint-president), Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Mr. & Mrs. John Profumo and Miss Charlotte Bowater. Mr. and Mrs. John Guest were in a party with Sir Wavell & Lady Wakefield and I saw Sir Harold & Lady Bowden, Mr. Humphrey Humphreys, Mr. Obbie Waller, Mr. John Tillotson escorting Miss Bridget Swire, Sir John & Lady Pascoe and Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael who paid 100 guineas for the Sealyham puppy which Sir Jocelyn Lucas gave to be auctioned.

The ball raised well over £1,000 for the Council for England. It will go towards the sum being raised to entertain members of the overseas, Commonwealth and Empire teams, for a week in London.



by Caroline Townshend, daughter of Marquess & Marchioness Townshend, with Mr. Shane Summers



Mr. Paul Goudime and Miss June Shepherd-Cross on a swing in the garden. She is a débutante



Miss Josephine Mitchell and Mr. John Davidson. Mr. Davidson works at Lloyd's

Desmond O'Neill

from 28 July to 5 August. This will follow the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, which are to be opened at Cardiff by Prince Philip on 18 July and closed by the Queen on 26 July.

Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller's dance

The dance which Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Miller give each summer at the Savoy is an international party awaited with pleasure by all their friends. This year everyone was saying it was gayer and better than ever. Mrs. Miller looked very *chic* in a yellow surah-silk dress designed by Balenciaga, and other striking dresses were worn by some of the beautiful women present. I saw the Duchess of Buccleuch dancing with the Marquess of Abergavenny (the Duke of Buccleuch and the Marchioness of Abergavenny were both at the party), also the Swedish Ambassador dancing with his Italian-born wife Mme. Hjalmarsson. Mme. Mendoza, the wife of the Cuban Ambassador, was greeting many friends, and others there were the Duke & Duchess of Argyll, the Earl of Dudley and members of his family, among them Viscount & Viscountess Ednam, the Hon. Peter & Mrs. Ward, the Hon. George Ward, M.P., the Hon. Edward & the Hon. Mrs. Ward and Miss Georgina Ward who was the only débutante present; she was dancing with the Hon. David Verney.

Also enjoying this wonderful party were: the Duke of Marlborough, the Maharajah & Maharanee of Jaipur, the Marchioness of Dufferin

& Ava, her husband Judge Maude, Lady Rotherwick, Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar, the Hon. Geoffrey & Mrs. Russell, the Hon. Robin & Mrs. Warrender, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis *chic* in white chiffon, Lady Bruntisfield and the lovely Comtesse John de Bendor, whose husbands were both away fishing in Ireland, Lord and Lady Brooke, the latter in a striking yellow dress, Mr. Michael & Lady Anne Tree, Signor Giovanni Stagny, Viscountess Lambton in pink shaded chiffon, Mr. & Mrs. David Metcalfe, Mr. Charles Harding, the Hon. Hugh & the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, Italian Principessa Hercolani, Sir Noel & Lady Charles, Mr. Thomas & Lady Elizabeth Clyde, Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes from Paris in a beautiful green satin dress, Miss Josephine Hughes from New York in a shocking pink chiffon, young Mr. Johnny Loeb and Mr. Gilbert Miller's grandson Mr. John Cater, both over from America.

A party for envoy to Vatican

Rafaele Duchess of Leinster, a gracious hostess, gave a delightful luncheon party at her Grosvenor Square home. It was in honour of Sir Marcus Cheke, British Minister to the Vatican, who has not been home on leave from Rome for a year, and the Hon. Lady Cheke. Before he went to Rome, Sir Marcus was Deputy Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps; so it was not surprising that among the party were the Portuguese Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador & the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, *chic* in Balenciaga's purple linen dress and jacket, the Cuban Ambassador, and the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps (Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones) & his wife. Among others at the luncheon were Mme. Bianchi, Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian (old friends of the Chekes), and Father Christie.

Miss Patricia Cottingham, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Cottingham and Mrs. Thomas Lilley, wore one of the most beautiful wedding dresses I have seen when she married Mr. Patrick Oswald, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. H. Oswald at St. Margaret's, Westminster. It was designed and made for her by Rahvis of white organza with lace appliqué. The full skirt was trimmed with white satin lovers' knots and fell into a long train. With it she wore a diamond necklace and a diamond tiara which held her long tulle veil in place. There were three child bridesmaids, her stepsister Belinda Lilley, Lindsay Alexander, and Joanna Oswald, and six older ones, Princess Catherine de Croy, the Hon. Katharine Smith, Miss Carolyn Whitehead, Miss Georgina de Salis, Miss Mary Anne Berry and Miss Amanda Neal. All wore long white organza dresses with head-dresses of white camellias.

The bride's stepfather and mother, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Lilley, welcomed the guests with Mr. & Mrs. Oswald at the reception at Claridge's. I saw Sir Brian & Lady Mountain and their son Nicholas, Mr. William & Lady Angela Oswald, Mr. Francis Williams, Recorder.



WEDDING.—Mr. Patrick Oswald, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. H. Oswald, of Little Orchard, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, married Miss Patricia Cottingham, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Lilley, of Woolton House, Newbury, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

of Chester and his daughter Mrs. Ivan Lynch, Mrs. Vernon Tate, Mrs. Michael Belmont, Mr. & Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy and her daughter Susie, Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Cecil, the MacLeod of MacLeod who was best man, and Lord Teviot who proposed the health of the young couple.

When they return from their honeymoon on the Continent, Patrick and Patricia are going to live in Montreal.

Guests enjoyed the roof garden

His Honour Judge John Maude & the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava gave one of the best and coolest cocktail parties of the season in their attractive Hans Crescent home. On one floor they have a spacious reception hall and balcony, an aviary, and at the back of the house a lovely paved roof garden gay with pink geraniums and other flowers. Here most of the guests gathered and enjoyed cool drinks on one of the hottest nights of the year. The hostess, in a blue and white patterned silk dress, received her friends who included the German Ambassador & Frau von Herwarth, the Italian Ambassador Signor Zoppi and the Spanish Ambassador the Marqués de Santa Cruz. The Duke of Buccleuch, just back from Scotland, was talking to Lady d'Erlanger, and I met Lord & Lady Dynevor, Lord & Lady Kindersley, Princess Joan Aly Khan accompanied by her elder son the Aga Khan, Col. Sir Rex Benson, Prince and Princess Dmitri of Russia, and Members of Parliament Sir Henry Channon, Lt.-Col. Neil McLean and the Hon. Hugh Fraser. Mrs. McLean, in a caramel and white linen dress, and the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, in a maize-coloured silk coat, were also there.

Others enjoying this pleasant party were: the Earl of Dudley, his brother and sister-in-law the Hon. Edward & the Hon. Mrs. Ward, Vicomte d'Orthez, Miss Tilly Losch, Mr. Henry Tiarks, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. & Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn, Mrs. Margaret Dunne, Mr. Peter Coats just back from seeing beautiful gardens in Ireland, Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Mrs. John Dewar and Mr. Geoffrey Keating.

Other parties I went to included Mrs. Dingle Foot's cocktail party in their Westminster flat for Canadian and American bishops and their wives, over here for the Lambeth Conference. Mr. Dingle Foot, the M.P. for Ipswich, came back from the House to help his wife entertain their guests who included Bishop Henry Sherrill the presiding bishop of the U.S., the Bishop of Nassau, the Bishop of Southern Ohio & Mrs. Henry Hobson, the Bishop of Washington, the Bishop of Central New York & Mrs. Peabody and the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich.

Among friends invited to meet them were Sir Roger Makins, former British Ambassador in Washington, and Lady Makins, that gay and indomitable personality Nancy Viscountess Astor, pianist Miss Harriet Cohen, Countess Jowitt, authors Miss Angela Thirkell and Dame Rose Macaulay, Member of Parliament Sir Hamilton Kerr, and Lord & Lady Alastair Graham who are very interested in church affairs. There were about 80 guests at this party and the same number at a similar party the Foots gave the following night for bishops from Africa and Asia.

Débutantes in a City hall

From here I went down to Mercers' Hall in the City where Mr. & Mrs. John Watney, whose daughter Rosemary is making her début this year, were giving a cocktail party. Mrs. Watney told me she had not been able to give any mothers' lunches or young people's cocktail parties for her daughter as they had been moving house from the country. Instead of being, as they hoped, in London for the season, they have only just moved. Many débutantes and their parents attended this party and plenty of young men were there, including Rosemary's two brothers Christopher and Antony. Christopher, who is in the Overseas Civil Service, has just come home on leave.

Mr. & Mrs. Watney are giving a dance for Rosemary on 17 December—also at the lovely Mercers' Hall, which has been rebuilt since the war.

Later I went on for a very short time to the cocktail party which Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Cleaver were giving in their Eaton Square flat, which Mrs. Cleaver has decorated with excellent taste. Their large, airy drawing-room has two balconies overlooking the gardens, which were very pleasant on this warm evening. Here the guests included Earl St. Aldwyn, Sir Noel & Lady Charles over from the South of France for a few weeks visiting friends, Lord & Lady Evans and their daughter Jean, Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Campbell, and Commander & the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn.



PARTY The 20-year-old Marquess of Londonderry took his 17-year-old wife (formerly Miss Nicolette Harrison) to a party at Wynyard Hall, County Durham—the Londonderry family seat. The party was held so that the marchioness could meet the tenants and employees on the estate



Yevondo

PAINTING Ann Le Clerc Fowle has been commissioned to paint a picture of the new high altar in St. Paul's Cathedral for hanging in Overseas House, St. James's. Reproductions will be sent to branches of the League in the Commonwealth. Mrs. Le Clerc Fowle is married to Brig. Fowle, a Jockey Club official. They live in Westminster



NEWS PORTRAITS

PALACE
PARTIES
IN TWO
CITIES



IN LONDON, at Buckingham Palace, a royal garden party was held at which the Queen Mother substituted for the Queen, who had to stay in bed with sinus trouble. The picture shows (*left*) Sir Leighton Seager (Vice-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire) on the way to the Palace with Lady Seager and their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm Peniston. The party was preceded by the presentation of overseas débutantes, the last of these functions.

IN PARIS, at the Palace of Versailles, a ball was held for French and American débutantes. Dress-designer Jacques Heim gave them a send-off party at which this picture was taken. It shows two Americans (*in long dresses*), Miss Barbara Buchenau, Beverly Hills, and Miss Bonnie Wilkie, Santa Barbara, with French débutantes including Mlle. Muriel Verdier (*holding bag*), and Mlle. Isabelle de Gastines (*flowered dress*), granddaughter of Maréchal Franchet d'Esperey



The Lincolnshire lad who took couture to Paris

It is 100 years since Charles Frederick Worth
opened his historic salon in the Paris of
Napoleon III & the Empress Eugénie

by MAUREEN WILLIAMSON

CHARLES FREDERICK
WORTH

MOST successful men can, at the peak of their fortunes, look back and isolate a particular moment when their own tide of fortune turned and success lay glittering before them. For Charles Frederick Worth that moment occurred early in 1860. One spring evening at a ball in the Tuileries the Empress Eugénie turned to Princesse Pauline de Metternich, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador. Her experienced eye took in the princess's gown of white tulle and silver lamé trimmed with marguerites. By the lavish standards of the Second Empire, it was a simple, almost pastoral toilette. But it was also utterly charming. The lovely empress, justly acknowledged leader of European fashion, demanded to know by whom it was made. She was taken aback to hear it was the inspiration of an Englishman. Nevertheless she commanded that he be sent to her the following morning.

No woman likes her dressmaker purloined, even by an empress. The poor Princesse de Metternich lamented that never again was she able to get a dress from M. Worth for a mere 300 francs! From then on the haberdashery apprentice from Lincolnshire became the couturier of the Empress Eugénie and the arbiter of fashion.

Though Charles Worth soon amassed a substantial fortune, he had experienced a long and arduous training. His mother, left a penniless widow, had sent him to London as an apprentice to Swan & Edgar when he was only 12. Here selling cloth over the counter he began to learn in his 12-hour working day all about silks, satins, damasks, bombazines and ottomans. His only recreations were watching the world of fashion pass along Piccadilly and visiting art galleries. No one knows what prompted him at the age of 18 to seek his fortune in Paris. He spoke no

French and had in his pocket only a few pounds which a reluctant relative gave him to speed him on his way.

He swore he would never see his native land again. He all but kept his promise. A year or two before his death a London hostess invited him to come and design a Court Quadrille in the period of Henry VIII for a costume ball which the Prince & Princess of Wales were to attend. She enclosed a blank cheque. Worth at first refused, but as she had helped him to build up his business in the difficult days he could not ignore her pleas.

He came but he did not see England. He was blindfolded on the boat and led ashore into a carriage with drawn blinds. He entered the house of his hostess with his eyes bandaged. He worked in a room shuttered day and night. All the arrangements for the ball and the fittings of the costumes took place in artificial light. Not until Dover was left far behind did Worth see daylight again. Who was the hostess? His grandson, Jacques Worth, who told the story, never revealed her identity.

Worth managed to get a job in a small draper's shop, La Ville de France. He settled down to a 12-hour day, an inadequate diet and learning French. Later he managed to change his job and sold expensive cloths, cashmere shawls and mantles at Gagelin & Opigez in the rue de Richelieu. Worth married Marie Vernet (in 1851), who also worked there. The court dressmakers were invariably women and they would come to Gagelin's for their materials. When, in the following year, Louis Napoleon came to the throne and married Eugénie, boom time began for La Mode. In addition Alexandre Dumas raised overnight the status of the courtesans with his romantic drama *La*

Dame aux Camélias. These ladies, on whom it was almost *de rigueur* for the wealthy aristocrats to squander fortunes, daily drove out in the Bois wearing the most gorgeous creations.

In this intensely provoking atmosphere Worth began to design. He made clothes for his wife to wear in the shop. They soon attracted notice. He overcame stern opposition from his employers and was finally allowed to make up toiles to his own designs in Gagelin & Opigez' materials. This led to Worth's being permitted to open a dress-making department. Around 1856 he introduced the crinoline, and women adored it. He started using black jet and it became the rage. He took the back out of the bonnet he detested so much and made this matronly headgear into a gay little hat. His skirts became bigger than ever. Using his wife as a mannequin (the first ever) he paraded gowns that gave full vent to his romantic conception of dress.

Inevitably he soon grew too large for Gagelin & Opigez. In 1858 the Worths took the plunge and set up on their own with a Swedish business man, Otto Gustave Bobergh, at 7 rue de la Paix. The Worths lived above the workrooms, and there, soon after they moved in, their son Gaston was born. Those of their wealthy clientele who followed them from the rue de Richelieu expected their clothes for next to nothing now that he was on his own. The struggle was on.

It was Marie who had the bright idea that turned their fortunes. She had been impressed by the plain but elegant Princesse de Metternich when she watched her pass into the Tuileries in her glass coach for her official reception as wife of the Austrian Ambassador. Plucking up courage she called on the princess with a book of her husband's sketches. The result: the historic dress that made the house of Worth and for which the princess said she would not pay a *sou* more than 300 francs!



CRINOLINES by the inventor of the crinoline. The head and shoulders of the illustrations were always sketched for Charles

Frederick Worth as he could not draw them himself. These original drawings come from the Victoria & Albert Museum

From the moment Worth was recognized as the dressmaker of the empress his fortune was made. His visits to the royal apartments were almost daily. Louis Napoleon frequently received him and discussed many of the fashions of the day. Spurred on by the empress and her constant companion, the witty Princesse Pauline, Worth pushed it in for daring innovations. He raised the height of the crinoline (which had by now reached colossal proportions) so that it was almost impossible to go for country walks in it. He persuaded the princess and even his empress wife to go to Longchamp without a shawl around their shoulders. This was considered shocking!

Soon the salon in the rue de la Paix had assumed a magnificence commensurate with its clients. The Salon des Lumières was the place of holies. There, where daylight never entered, where the walls were lined with mirrors and lighted with great candelabra to simulate the reception rooms of the Tuileries, the ladies could see just how they would look "on the night." So great did Worth's prestige become, his clients would actually go to the rue de la Paix to dress for a great occasion under the master's supervision and set out from there to the royal palaces.

Spring 1867 with the International Exhibition at the Champs de Mars saw the Second Empire at the apex of its magnificence. Over 80 royal personages visited Paris that

summer. The House of Worth, by now employing 1,200 skilled workers, worked at full pitch. Even the Czarina of Russia ordered dresses by proxy. Worth had already tired of the crinoline and had created the "fourreau," a sheath-like dress, flat in front and forming into a train behind.

For one of the culminating events of the season, Worth was planning his *chef d'œuvre* for the empress. He had had specially woven at Lyons a dull heavy lemon-yellow faille with an exquisite flower pattern. The dress, trimmed with Alençon lace, was, we are told, magnificent. But on the day when the Emperors of Russia and Prussia were to give a ball in honour of their French hosts, an attempt was made to assassinate the Czar. Such ostentatious opulence as the yellow dress seemed a little out of place. Worth had to remodel a white dress with silver tulle within two hours for the empress to wear at the Czar's ball. Soon afterwards came the shattering news of the execution of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. The yellow dress, Worth's *chef d'œuvre*, was never worn. The opening of the Suez Canal saw the last of the great dresses he made for the empress.

Père Worth remained at work until the day of his death, 10 March 1895, at his town house in the rue de Berri. It was his son Gaston who opened the London branch of Worth (he also established the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, the powerful

organization which today so ably protects the interests of the Paris designers). The House of Worth was to remain in the hands of the family down to the fourth generation. In 1936 Charles Worth's great-grandson Jacques sold the London branch to an English firm. Today the Paris house has ceased to exist. But the London branch, now independent, continues, and so does its offshoot Worth Wholesale. Thus in the country of his birth the name is preserved of the imperious Englishman whom the Empress Eugénie dubbed "le roi des chiffons."

*Je soussignée Sarah Bernhardt
Darnata, artiste dramatique, demeurant
à Paris, Avenue de Villiers, n° 21, voulant
me libérer envers Monsieur O. Worth (Ach.
Chantreau) demeurant à Paris, rue de la
Paix, n° 7, d'une somme de Trois mille
six cent vingt-cinq francs, dont je lui
serai redevable pour fournitures de robes
et costumes.*

*Declare par ces présentes, délégué
et transporté, avec toutes les garanties de*

Modèle

*Monsieur la Princesse Mathilde
20, Rue de Berri
Madame la Princesse*

*Permettez-moi de
rappeler au bon souvenir de votre
Altesse une facture de l'année dernière
s'élevant à 5275 frs; j'ai en l'honneur*

The problems of making the customers pay up . . .

Two awkward customers of Worth's were Princess Mathilde and Sarah Bernhardt. The top facsimile is from a document signed by Bernhardt admitting a debt to him of 3,625 francs. She agreed that he should "obtain this sum at the Vaudeville Theatre from the hands of Monsieur le Directeur, at the rate of 200 francs a performance, starting with the 101st performance of Fedora."

The second facsimile is of a letter from Worth to Princess Mathilde, who owed 5,273 francs: "I had the honour to send it [the bill] to you on January 25 last and I would be grateful to you if you would indicate to me the day when it will suit you to have me send an employee to receive the amount."



A little touch of Monty in the night

The Roundabout author this week imagines a de Gaulle-style change of government in Britain—and mocks some familiar British institutions in the process

by JOHN RAYMOND

We are privileged to publish the following excerpt from "It Is Later Than You Think," the posthumous memoirs of the First Lord Kensington de Redcliffe (formerly Mr. Timothy Wodger, M.P., private secretary to Sir Claud Cockburn, Paymaster-General in Mr. Aneurin Bevan's Cabinet of All the Talents (1960-68)).

IN THE SUMMER of 1959 not a cloud loomed on the political horizon. Mr. Macmillan, heartened and rejuvenated by his 19th appearance on television, seemed assured of the country's confidence and goodwill. Mr. Gaitskell's reputation, already severely damaged by his behaviour over Suez and Cyprus, had not been enhanced by the publication of *Most Recent Socialist Thinking*—a utopian brochure embodying a number of visionary schemes, including the nationalization of the Angry Young Men and the public ownership of the Royal Court Theatre. Dr. Dalton had published the third volume of his autobiography. As eulogistic as ever of its author, it had in no way been a disappointment. Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter was placidly editing his first collection of speeches. Everything seemed "set fair."

But backstage, in the corridors of power, events pressed forward remorselessly. Though the scope of Mr. Duncan Sandys's ambitions had for long been no secret to his colleagues in the Cabinet, none of them appears to have been aware how much he had become the prisoner of his own Service Chiefs' dialectic. Only the *New Statesman*, with its uncanny sense of any threat to the democratic process, saw the signs foretelling death to the nation's liberties. "Mr.

in every hole and corner of government—in the Services, the Treasury, the F.O., the Palace, the T.U.C., and the Conservative Central Office. But," it added, sounding an ominous note of foreboding, "the parallel does not end here. Behind Soustelle stands the general."

How they laughed in Fleet Street! But, alas, the predictions proved all too true. On the evening of 13 May—anniversary of the fateful seizure of power by *les paras* in Algeria—the first riots occurred in Belfast. Inniskillen and Londonderry, Coleraine and Hillsborough, Dungannon and Killybegs took fire within the hour. Within 24 hours the Royal Ulster Constabulary had declared for the Orangemen, and the first of the Fermanagh armoured columns had crossed the border into County Leitrim. From their West Country retreats—the one from 40 Trumlands Road, Torquay, the other from Honey Ditches, Seaton—those two aged literary eminences, Mr. Sean O'Casey and Mr. St. John Ervine, sought the night ferry to Belfast and, having arrived, offered their services to the Protestant Committee of Public Safety.

At home, too, events moved quickly. At 9.30 on 15 May, British viewers settled themselves down comfortably and in a self-congratulatory mood to listen to Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd deliver a non-political party broadcast on the Dominion status conceded so recently and in such statesman-like fashion to Mauritius. For some three minutes—during which the unaccustomed



"Disgusting—absolutely disgusting. Get some boy who can't read to rub it out"

Sandys," it declared, a fortnight before the field-marshal's coup, "may be the Soustelle of the Curragh, but he does not stand alone. His death-watch beetles are ticking away



BRIGGS

by Graham

Festival conductor of the year

32, Charles Mackerras is conducting at most of the major festivals in Britain this year. He conducted Britten's *Young Person's Flude* at Aldeburgh.

Next month he conducts a new ballet company at Edinburgh. In October he conducts a Donizetti opera at Wexford. Last week he conducted at Sadler's Wells



Kurt Hutton

strains of Elgar's "Pomp & Circumstance" boomed away with sombre magnificence in the background—the panel was a blank. Then, suddenly, without any warning or preliminary announcement, in place of the suave and smirking Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the grim, unsmiling visage of the hero of El Alamein, in his well-worn beret and battle-dress, took the screen. There were no soft words for Mauritius that night. On the contrary, there was a good deal of Biblical quotation and a clipped invitation to "get on with the job and let us [the new National Coalition Government] do the worrying for you."

"But today," the field-marshal concluded, "today the Struggle." At the time many of us were surprised at the F.M.'s quoting Auden. In *My Good Books*, the memoirs of Lord Haley of Haver, formerly Sir William Haley, editor of *The Times* and Minister of Information 1959-60, reveals that it was Sir William himself who supplied the field-marshal with his quotation. On page 504

of his informative account of the crisis, Lord Haley also confirms that he himself wrote *The Times* first leader that appeared the following morning. Happily entitled "A Little Touch of Monty in the Night" it went far to sway public opinion at the outset.

Sir William's lead was quickly taken up by a powerful cross-section of Top People. A brief letter appealing for national unity and signed by Dr. Fisher, Mr. David Astor, "Crawfie," Sir John Wolfenden, Miss Vivien Leigh and the Duke of Bedford did much to restore the public calm and, though several squadrons of Sandys Mark IVs executing the V-sign over Chartwell failed to evoke any gesture of encouragement from Sir Winston himself, support for the régime was amply forthcoming. Meanwhile the F.M. was busy forming his Government. As might be

expected, it was a daring, original and broad-based administration. It included: Lord Mancroft at the Foreign Office and Mr. George Schwartz at the Treasury, and it numbered, among other lights, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Mr. Maurice Edelman (afterwards our ambassador in Paris), Lady Pamela Berry and Professor Northcote Parkinson.

Like de Gaulle's in France, the field-marshal's had been strictly a caretaker Government. Having restored National Service, subsidized the smaller and less fashionable public-schools, and rectified the "scientific frontier of Ulster," the Coalition suffered a defeat over the submarine-jet estimates and went into quiet liquidation in March, 1960. A General Election followed in which Mr. Bevan emerged at the head of his Cabinet of All the Talents—Boothby, Crossman, Churchill R., Muggeridge, Taylor, Brown and Foot. Needless to say, under this enlightened and liberal régime, England lived richly and happily ever after.

NEXT WEEK:
Monja Danischewsky



Two weddings for one couple



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Frances Undine Harrison, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Harrison, Coldwaltham House, Pulborough, married Mr. Stamati Nicholas Embiricos (top, left) twice—at the Greek Cathedral in London and at St. Nicholas's Church, Arundel. He belongs to the Greek shipowning family and is the son of the late Mr. N. Embiricos and Mrs. J. A. Drayton, Barbados. Above: the bride and her bridesmaids, Miss Susan Trusted, Miss Edwina Sandys, Miss Carole Phillips, the Hon. Elizabeth Cecil, Lady Sara Jane Hope and Miss Jennifer Harrison



Mr. R. M. Phillips, Mr. Douglas Harrison, father of the bride, and Mrs. R. M. Phillips. A reception was held at Coldwaltham House



Miss Sara-Jane Trusted, who is at a finishing school in Paris, and Lady Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes



Mrs. John Trusted (her husband is a banker) Mrs. M. J. Barrett and her daughter Miss Deborah Howitt

They'll never
be the same!

A last look at the old House of Lords

... before the sanctum
of (male) heredity is breached
by women life-peers

THIS WEEK the House of Lords is due to rise for the summer recess and the chances are that the place will never be the same again. A special Honours List is expected, in which the first batch of women life peers is likely to be created, under the Government's new Act. The exclusively masculine character of the House will be ended at last.

The purpose of the life peers is to broaden the basis of the membership of the Upper House, to encourage the acceptance of peerages by those who feel that a hereditary title might handicap their heirs, to strengthen the Labour Party's representation and to increase the number of active members. Until now, most of the work of the House (which nominally consists of 800 peers) has been done by a small and faithful band. In this portrait gallery (*continued overleaf*) The TATLER salutes some of the back-bench peers who have borne the burden of making British democracy's second chamber function.

RESEARCH BY BERNARD KEELAN



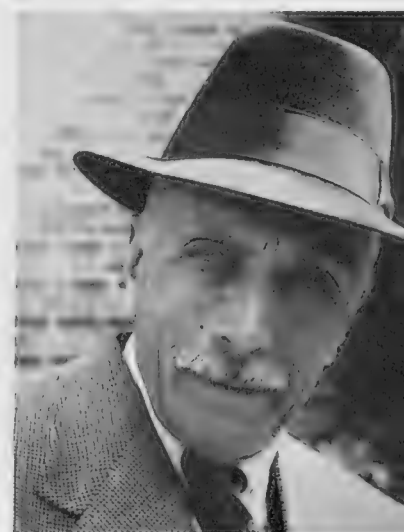
LORD MILNER OF LEEDS (left), 69, Labour. Lawyer and company director. Was M.P. for South-East Leeds for 22 years, just missed being Speaker. He was Labour's candidate for the office, but he lost on a vote. Made a baron in 1951



VISCOUNT COLVILLE OF CULROSS (right), 25, Independent. A former Guards officer (Grenadiers), and the youngest of the regular attenders. Welcomes the admission of women peers. Read law at Oxford



LORD WISE (left), 71, Labour. A chartered surveyor and land agent. He was M.P. for King's Lynn for six years. He was made a baron in 1951. Served in R.F.C. in World War One and in R.A.F. in World War Two



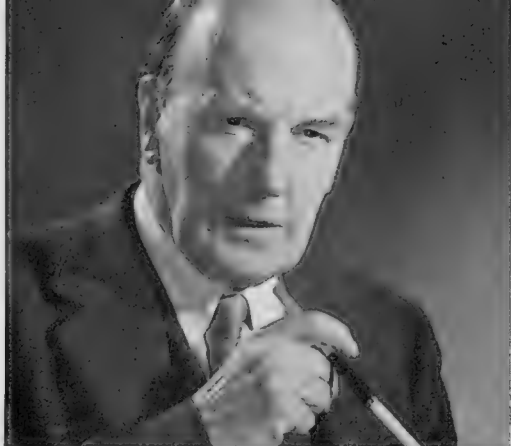
EARL WINTERTON (right), 75, Conservative. An Irish peer, he sat in the Commons for 47 years and was famous for his explosive criticisms, directed impartially at the Opposition and his own leaders. Now has a U.K. barony.



LORD WINSTER (left), 73, Labour. A former Governor of Cyprus and Minister of Civil Aviation, he was made a baron in 1942. Served in Royal Navy in both world wars



LORD MILVERTON (right), 73, National Liberal. A Colonial administrator. He has been Governor of North Borneo, Gambia, Fiji, Jamaica and Nigeria. Resigned from Socialist Party after the nationalization of coal and steel



Lord Brabazon of Tara, 71, Conservative. Was Britain's first aviator. Speaks breezily and with authority on flying, roads—also TV. Once Minister of Aircraft Production



Lord Pakenham, 53, Labour. Once an Oxford don. Lord-in-Waiting to the late King, 1945-6. Minister of Civil Aviation and First Lord of the Admiralty under Labour



Lord Derwent (pronounced Dar-went), Conservative. Chairman, British Federation. Speaks with force and humour about the dismal state of Britain's roads



Viscount Elibank, 79, Liberal. P.P.S. to Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary, 1914. His hobby-horse is stamp reform: he wants pictorial stamps of British scenes of beauty and historical interest



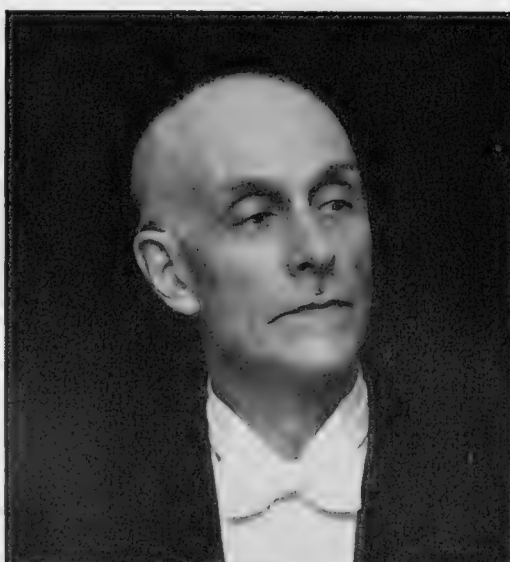
Lord Killearn, 78, Conservative. Ambassador in Egypt & Sudan, 1936-46. Usually supports government foreign policy, but of Suez said: "The right thing in the wrong way at the wrong time"



Lord Lloyd, 45, Conservative. A former Under Secretary, Home Office and Colonial Office. He wants the House of Lords to be an effective second chamber, but says it must be reconstituted



Lord Conesford, 65, Conservative. A Q.C. Makes well-composed speeches on foreign affairs. Considers the Lords "the last home of free speech." Rebukes press and Americans for misuse of English



Lord Grantchester, 65, Liberal. Director of an insurance company. He speaks on economic affairs: "I believe in better methods, greater production, and in the Government doing less spending"



Lord Balfour of Inchrye, 60, Conservative. champion of the Commonwealth: "Do not let us take the offensive instead of the defensive in Commonwealth affairs." Won M.C. & bar, 1914-18 war

A LAST LOOK AT THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS

continued



Earl Howe, 71, Conservative. The 5th earl. A successful racing motorist before the war. Commodore R.N.V.R., and patron of eight livings. Another roads enthusiast.



The Duke of Buccleuch, 64, Conservative. Knight of the Thistle and Governor of the Royal Bank of Scotland. His chief interests are forestry and farming. He is the 8th duke.



Lord Strabelligi, 44, Labour. A classical scholar, attends to the nation's cultural affairs. He is a champion of the cinema. The 11th baron, he left the Liberal Party two years ago.



Lord Mathers, 72, Labour. A former trade union M.P. Favoured the Life Peers Bill. He says that Scottish church representatives should sit in the Lords. Once a railway clerk, now a Knight of The Thistle.

The devoted peers shown on these pages are all back-benchers. But of course the work of the House of Lords falls more heavily on those peers who also hold office in the Government. Except for practised publicists like Viscount Hailsham (Tory Party chairman) and Lord Mancroft, the names of these noble Ministers occur in the headlines only when some exceptional debate catches the public interest. So *The Tatler* displays them below. Before long, no doubt, there will be women peers on this list, too—just as there are women M.P.s holding ministerial posts.

VISCOUNT KILMUIR
Lord Chancellor

THE EARL OF HOME
Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations and Leader of the House

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM
Lord President of the Council

LORD MILLS
Minister of Power

THE EARL OF SELKIRK
First Lord of the Admiralty

LORD STRATHCLYDE
Minister of State, Scottish Office

LORD MANCROFT
Minister without Portfolio

THE EARL OF PERTH
Minister of State, Colonial Office

THE EARL OF GOSFORD
Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office

THE EARL OF WALDEGRAVE
Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture

EARL ST. ALDWYN
Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, Chief Whip

THE EARL OF ONSLOW
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard



Lord Hawke, 57, Conservative. Descendant of famous admiral. He is 9th baron, has seven daughters. Speaks on industry and economics. Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, 1953-57. Son of the cricketer.



Lord Chorley, 63, Labour. Barrister, educationist and opponent of death penalty. Advocates more liberal divorce laws. Thinks that research into crime and its prevention has been neglected.

Knights must pall by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*Three gentle knights were sitting in the Athenaeum bar—
Sir Gerald K, Sir Alfred M, and good Sir Albert R.
Discussion was of Constable, and Sheraton, and Stubbs,
And everything befitting this most dignified of clubs,
Then suddenly the conversation turned to Henry Moore,
Which produced an instantaneous, inconsequential roar:
"Tintoretto's bloody marvellous, and Spencer is an ass!"
And the air was full of blasphemy and bits of broken glass.*

*I think that I've begun to get a little tired of them,
Sir Gerald K, Sir Albert R, and bold Sir Alfred M,
With their ill-disguised antipathy for everything that's new,
Like concrete, and surrealists, and bas-reliefs in glue.
That Modern Art could never be as black as it is painted
Appears to be an epigram with which they're unacquainted.
They're a naughty little trio, but they sometimes make us laugh
In the correspondence columns of "The Times" and "Telegraph."*

Barn dance for débutantes



A barn adjoining their home, Speen Farm, Bucks, was used for the dance given by Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Buckingham for their daughter Eliza. The dance was shared with Mr. & Mrs. Colin Groves' daughter Mary. *First picture*



(l. to r.): Miss Eliza Buckingham, Mr. & Mrs. Groves, Miss Groves and Mr. & Mrs. Buckingham. *Second picture:* The Hon. Jan Simon (Viscount Simon's son), Miss Prue Bottomley, The Hon. Trevor Stamp and Miss Mary North

Mr. Thomas Jowitt and Miss Gillian Gough. There were about 250 guests at the dance

Mr. Peter Jeeves, who works at Lloyd's, with Miss Fleur Hanson

Miss Felicity Fearnley-Whittingstall (niece of the Q.C.) and Mr. Nicholas Garrett

A. V. Swaebø





A summer race-meeting was held on the Down Royal course in Co. Down. Above: Mrs. T. G. Wilkinson and Lady Clark. Lady Clark's husband, Sir George, had a runner at the meeting



Colonel S. G. Haughton, a steward of the Down Royal course, with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Moyra Haughton



Lt.-Colonel O. Graham with Mrs. Kenneth Kirkpatrick. Her husband was one of the stewards of the meeting

C. C. Fennell

POLO IN SUSSEX

Three finals at Cowdray Park



The finals of the Cowdray Park Gold Cup, the Midhurst Town Cup and the Benson Cup were all played off at Cowdray Park. Above: Madame Candioti, wife of the Argentine's Ambassador, presented the Cowdray Park Gold Cup to Mr. J. Lakin, captain of the Cowdray Park team which beat Woolmers Park



Brigadier J. Gannon and Viscount Cowdray. Lord Cowdray, who owns Cowdray Park, was not playing at this meeting

Lt.-Colonel A. H. McConnel and Captain Kishen Singh. They both played for Silvercester in the final of the Midhurst Town Cup

A. V. Sweet



RACING IN CO. DOWN

The summer meeting at Down Royal



THE
TATLER

At a Midnight St

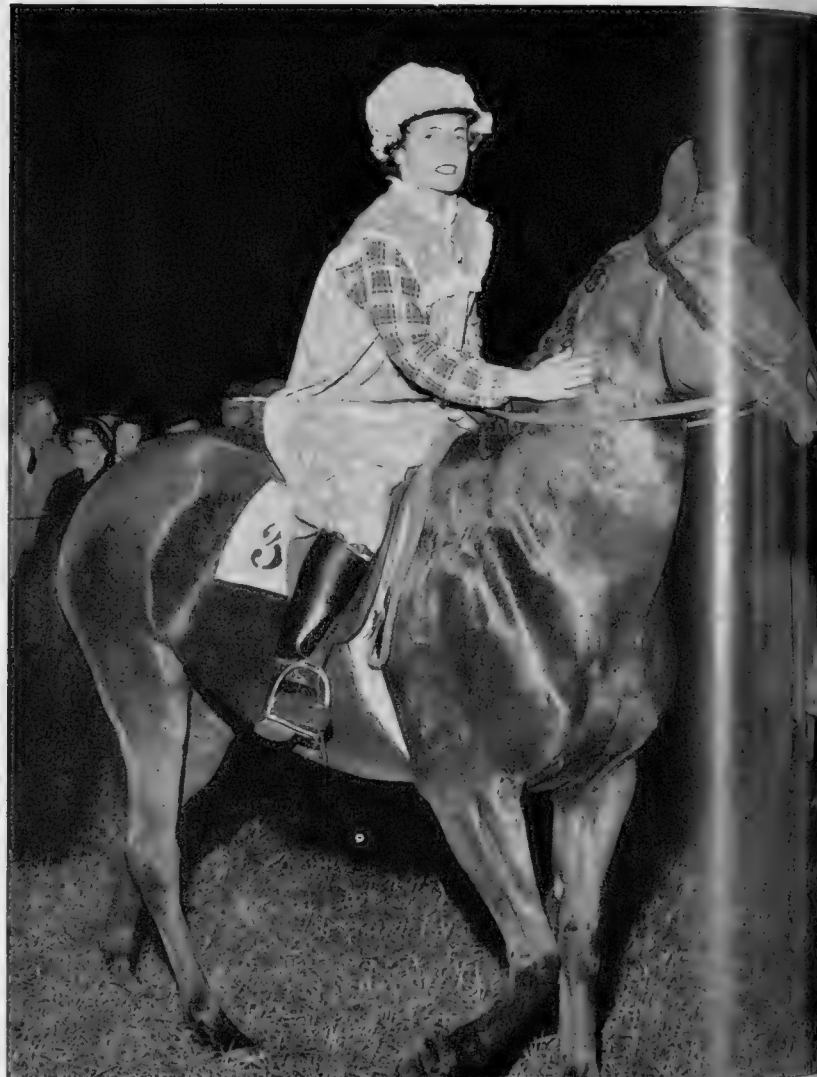
(staged by the South Berkshire)



An Aberdeen Angus bull was roasted whole and served to the guests in sandwiches. The cooking took 14 hours



Mrs. Sarah Henderson, a master of foxhounds, competed on Shadow in the last race, the Midnight steeplechase. This was for masters of foxhounds



The course was picked out in red and green lamps and spotlights played on each of the jumps. Above: Miss Belinda Firbank, a master of foxhounds, rode Diva

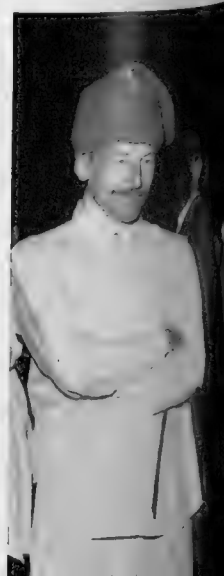
Mr. Vic Clarke, first whip and kennel huntsman of the South Berkshire, with Mrs. G. C. MacIntosh and Mrs. A. Bell



Mrs. Vecta Mitchell, former joint-Master of the Vine Hunt, and Mrs. R. D. N. Phillips



Captain A. W. Pearson, Master of the South Berkshire Hunt



Steeplechase

(Hunt)



Mr. & Mrs. Ian Lomax (above) were both competitors in the steeplechase at Moultsford, near Reading



Miss Ruth Venables (she is the daughter of Mr. C. Venables), and Mr. Robert Philips



Miss Marion Crocker on Walking Home in the Nylon Nightie Handicap. This was an event for ladies. More than 2,000 people watched the races

Van Hallan

Royal Marines, with Miss Greaves

Mr. M. Downes, a steward of the meeting, and Mr. Marshal Roberts, joint-Masters of the Garth

Miss Diane Brittorous, Miss Huldine Beamish and Mr. Peter Woolland. He rode in the Farmer's Frolic



THEATRE

A salute to the suburbs

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

EXPERIENCE shows that a man must have a head steaming like a kettle with ideas before he can undertake successfully the writing of a whole revue. Mr. Arthur Macrae is a witty playwright, and some of the ideas he brings to *Living For Pleasure* at the Garrick are delightful, but there are not nearly enough of them.

A revue, fortunately, is not necessarily dependent on words for its ideas. They can pop up also out of the way the words are put across, out of the music, the décor, even out of the pleasingness of the young ladies of the chorus and out of Lord knows what impressions and sub-impressions and sub-sub-impressions which make cumulatively for a sense of sunny relaxation. By this sort of reckoning, *Living For Pleasure* is, on balance, a good revue. It is particularly to be recommended to people who do not feel it necessary to apologize to themselves for enjoying a piece of light-hearted gaiety with no serious strings attached. There are not so many of us as once there were: the dread of Philistinism haunts even the humbler theatrical foyers. It takes nerve to confess that we have enjoyed a bright little show that has been about nothing in particular. In a terrifically progressive theatre we are increasingly ashamed of looking for mere entertainment.

If this revue has any particular point, it is a personal point made again and again by Miss Dora Bryan and each time with a vigour that keeps it fresh and amusing. It is that you can't keep an honest-to-God suburban woman down. She may be a scatterbrain girl clerk in a travel agency trying to help a would-be traveller to the Channel Isles by reading out over the telephone details of the Isle of Wight and quacking with laughter at her natural mistake. She may be a catty Espresso gossip, a panel patient insisting that she is entitled to cortisone as the most chic of drugs, a lady of easy virtue who has not, considering that she is no better than she ought to be, done quite as well as she ought to have; whatever the part there is always real

Patience Collier, heavily bestarred as Cinderella's fairy godmother

nature in it, and, however poor the joke, there is always a moment when she gives it that sudden extra impetus which turns it into a good joke. She has flat, sing-song Northern overtones in the voice that help her to this effect, but essentially she is the woman from the suburbs south of the river up in town for the day and in some trouble to which she never fails to rise superior. Shown into a hotel bedroom with an open window through which leaps a dancing faun, and whirled madly about, she is not really shaken. She has her suburban standards. She knows what is due to her even in the most equivocal circumstances. The small mouth may purse into scandalized horror which breaks suddenly into giggling comprehension or the impulsive giggling may harden as quickly into moral amazement, but the saucer eyes tell us all the time that what this woman from the suburbs doesn't know isn't knowledge. It is the resignation implicit in her affectation of surprise and outrage that brings home the laughter.

The parody of *Le Spectre De La Rose* is the best thing Mr. Macrae does for this delightful comedienne, but she is the constant strength of his revue and has her share in another of its good things. Mr. Macrae is a theatrical worldling and his cheerful hedonism has little use for the Beckets, the Osbornes and the boys of the advanced drama. He expresses his distaste for their philosophy in a very jolly number showing a troupe of Dustbin Follies plunging us all into despondency. Up from the auditorium stump three Aunt Ednas from Kensington—Miss Bryan, Mr. George Rose and Miss Patience Collier—to represent in song and dance the revolt of the long-suffering middle class. As the players cleave their way through the lugubriously jiving throng of teen-agers, beating at every jean in sight with umbrellas, Mr. Richard Addinsell finds for them stronger and stronger music and the counter-revolution comes to its triumph on a high mutual note. To judge from the applause, the mimic counter-revolution on the stage had plenty of sympathizers in the audience, and it may be that the real Aunt Ednas are even now getting ready to rise in their thousands. They can certainly claim to have been very patient in the last few years.

Mr. Addinsell's music is agreeable throughout the evening and rises now and then to a tip-top number such as "The Pretty Miss Brown—And The Other One." Mr. Daniel Massey and Miss Janie Marden make the most of these musical opportunities, and there is a very pretty and a lively chorus which Mr. William Chappell directs most effectively.



AFTER-DINNER TRANQUILLIZERS. The cast of *Living For Pleasure* cleverly woo the mind away from care. Dora Bryan (top) is seen as a campaigner for sane-&-solid theatre, and also as a shopper getting in a fix with her change. In the second instance she is assisted by George Rose. Janie Marden and Daniel Massey (below) make one of the hits of the revue with their number "Love You Good, Love You Right." Richard Addinsell's music makes a vital contribution to the evening



The season's most discussed playwright

Eugene Ionesco, the Rumanian-born French playwright who brings a flavour of Edward Lear and Dali to the stage, is visiting London. He speaks no English. Two of his plays return to the Royal Court Theatre next month



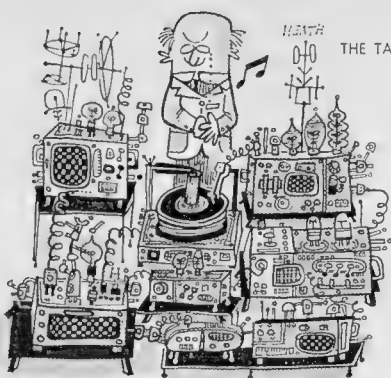
Mark Gerson

The hit parade's most surprising success

Larry Belafonte, who made his international reputation singing folk songs, will sing in England next month. The picture, taken at the Nervi festival in Italy, shows him with his wife, Miss Natalie Krassovska (a ballerina), and Mr. Anton Dolin



Round



RECORDS

Listen to the British bands

by GERALD LASCELLES

FAR TOO often I find I have to leave out the excellent British band releases. This week I shall endeavour to put in perspective some of the records which are keeping British jazz on the map both at home and abroad. The big bands cover a fairly wide front, starting with Dankworth's Parlophone release of four tunes from *My Fair Lady*. These ought to be a triumph of arranging skill, but I find them over-busy, despite neat, modernistic interpretations by the soloists. Ted Heath's "Jolson Classics" have a precise swing which is enjoyable and the subject material is above average.

For years Scotland has provided some of the best instrumentalists in the dance and swing band profession, so that an L.P. called *Swinging Scots* is not inappropriate. It comprises a main group of twenty men, who are divided into smaller groups during the course of the session. The results throughout lack the polish of a regular big band such as Heath's, but the quality is excellent. Kenny Baker's Dozen just qualifies as a big band in my eyes—their work on Nixa is exemplary, as befits a group which boasts the pick of the best professionals in London.

Traditional "revivalism" flourishes north of the border where the Clyde Valley Stompers hold sway in Glasgow's top dance halls. Their Beltona LP errs in featuring some of their 1956 efforts which scarcely stand comparison with their mature work made eight months later. Bearded, veteran trumpeter Ken Colyer takes for his pattern an even earlier form of traditional jazz—the sound of the marching brass bands, which delighted the ears of New Orleans revellers 50 years ago. His Omega Brass Band's music runs into rather heavy going, despite the all-out efforts of eleven men. The conventional seven-piece group on Decca EP is more listenable, but this is still less acceptable in its extreme authenticity than the amiable jazz produced by Chris Barber in various guises. Decca's LP, *Barber's Best*, is good entertainment, but I fell completely for clarinettist Monty Sunshine's efforts on Nixa.

Wally Fawkes and Sandy Brown make the best noise of all on two clarinets with a trim rhythm section to keep the ball rolling. Bristolian Acker Bilk perpetrates the musical joke of the month on his Nixa LP, with the kind help of the sleeve note writer. This, if ever there was, is traditionalism revisited.

Contemporary performers are equally active, if less prolific, on record. Kenny Graham's tenor-sax leads an exciting group through jazz moods to Afro-Cuban on Nixa, and Ken Moule's arrangements on Decca EP feature Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophonist. Ross was chosen to represent Britain in the International Youth Band now rehearsing in New York before its début at Newport Jazz Festival.

Selected Records

KENNY BAKER	Date With The Dozen E.P. 12s. 10½d.	Nixa NEP24074
JOHNNY DANKWORTH	My Fair Lady E.P. 11s. 1½d.	Parlophone GEP8671
FAWKES-BROWN QUINTET	E.P. 11s. 5½d.	Decca DFE6379
MONTY SUNSHINE	Showcase E.P. 12s. 10½d.	Nixa NJE1050
KEN MOULE SEVEN	Ken Moule Arranges E.P. 11s. 5½d.	Decca DFE6455
ACKER BILK	Acker Bilk Requests 10-in. L.P. £1 7s. 10d.	Nixa NJT513



Zoltan Glas

PROGRESS OF A CHILD STAR: *Jane Powell's* next film will be *Enchanted Island*. The story is based on Herman Melville's novel, *Typee*

The rising generation

PROGRESS OF A BEAUTY QUEEN: *Anne Heywood* (as *Violet Pretty*, she won the title of *Miss Britain*) now stars in *Floods Of Fear*





A Nordic chieftain (Ernest Borgnine) at the banqueting table in *The Vikings*: "A blood-bath," says Elspeth Grant

CINEMA

Red in tooth and Technicolor

ELSPETH GRANT

THE CREDIT TITLES on Mr. Kirk Douglas's film, *The Vikings*, are promising: small, stylized pieces of mosaic-work (photographed in douce colour), they suggest that we are in for an illuminating, tasteful and historically sound survey of Nordic influences in the ninth century. Nothing of the kind. We are in for a blood-bath. Mr. Douglas, who has always wanted to make a picture of this kind—it's the sort of thing that, as a boy, he would have thought wonderful, as a man, he would think wonderful: it's just a story, says he, without any deep, hidden meaning or psychological significance.

Maybe—but it certainly reveals that Mr. Douglas considers sadism is "box-office," violence universally appealing, mutilation as refreshing as a sorbet and mass-killings as stimulating as wine. While this attitude is one to which *Grimm's Fairytales* accustomed us in childhood, it is surely deplorable that Mr. Douglas (who is rather a nice chap, really) has not yet grown out of it. And what is even more deplorable, of course, is that by sticking to it he will probably make a fortune.

Mr. Ernest Borgnine, bearded and barrel-chested, is a Viking chieftain, Mr. Kirk Douglas is his only son born in wedlock, and Mr. Tony Curtis, a slave, is (unbeknown to all of them) a son born out of wedlock—and heir, on his wronged mother's side, to the throne of Northumbria. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Curtis hate each other like poison and when a Welsh princess, Miss Janet Leigh, becomes a bone of contention between them, it is clear that one will have to go. In the end it's Mr. Douglas who goes—slain by his half-brother in a particularly vicious sword-fight which Miss Leigh watches with every sign of maidenly horror. We who have sat through the rest of the picture remain comparatively unmoved by the duel: it can't be any more revolting than what has gone before.

Mr. Douglas has his handsome face torn to ribbons by an enraged falcon and is thenceforward photographed as far as possible in full-face close-up, with one white sightless eye glaring out of a mesh of scars.

One of the merrier sports of the Viking court is hurling hatchets at allegedly unfaithful wives who are firmly pinned to the stocks by their braided hair—another is a tug-of-war over an open fire.

Mr. Borgnine comes to a horrid end in a pit full of ravening wolves, Mr. Curtis has a hand lopped off at the wrist, and in various sea-battles and an exceedingly well handled attack on a Northumbrian castle, scores and scores of extras die in agony—bristling with arrows and spears or squashed under boulders dropped from above. The Norwegian landscape and fjords are lovely and splendidly photographed in Technirama and Technicolor and the film can claim to be educational in that it shows precisely what the Viking ships looked like.

"But vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste." So said Mr. Weller—and so say I.

Mr. Van Heflin gives an excellent performance in *Gunman's Walk* as a man who, while recognizing that the West is rapidly becoming civilized, brings up his two sons in the quick-on-the-draw, tough-as-all-get-out traditions of the old days. As far as the elder son, Mr. Tab Hunter, is concerned, this is disastrous: believing that he can outshoot anybody, he takes to killing. Mr. Heflin knows of only one way to save him from the sheriff's posse: he shoots him.

This is a well-written film, well-directed by Mr. Phil Karlson. It differs from the ordinary Western in presenting a sheriff (Mr. Robert Simon) who is not and never has been a gunman—an elderly, businesslike, sharp-tongued, legal-looking type in a plain, grey city suit.

The Unknown Soldier, a Finnish film directed by Mr. Edwin Laine, is one of the most honest and therefore the most painful war films one is likely to see. It covers

Son threatens father (Tab Hunter and Van Heflin) in *Gunman's Walk*. "This is a well-written film, well-directed"

the fighting between Finland and Russia from 1941, when the Finns advanced into Eastern Karelia, to 1944, when a large-scale Russian offensive forced them to retreat: it tells, with documentary integrity, what happened to a machine-gun detachment of Finnish National Servicemen.

It is a strange experience to see a film of which one does not understand a single word (the dialogue is naturally in Finnish) and yet to be convinced that its characters are universally valid—that these soldiers, forced into the hideous business of killing and being killed, grumbling, swearing, suffering, knowing moments of terror and of pride, represent the ordinary soldier of any nation. It is a beautifully made film but essentially harrowing. There are English subtitles.

According to Mr. Bernard Newman, upon whose book *Battle Of The V.I* is based, the film gives a true account of how members of the Polish Resistance were instrumental in thwarting Hitler's plans to bombard London with what we lightly called "doodle-bugs" at the rate of 5,000 a day.

Messrs. Michael Rennie and David Knight, Poles conscripted by the Germans for forced labour, discover at Peenemunde that flying bombs are being developed as a new, deadly weapon. A top-secret meeting of hundreds of German scientists and technicians is to be held at Peenemunde: through the Polish Underground, Mr. Rennie tips off the R.A.F. who bomb the place and the conference to blazes—thus giving London six months' respite before the V.I attack.

In order to devise some means of coping with the menace, the R.A.F. and British Intelligence would very much like to have a specimen flying-bomb. The Polish Resistance is notified and goes to work: an unexploded V.I is salvaged from a field, rendered harmless, and sent to England. Our experts are then able to prepare counter-measures to the projected attack—and that is why London was not totally obliterated in 1944.

Mr. Vernon Sewell has directed this well-intentioned film competently, but I wish he had had a more lifelike cast: Messrs. Rennie and Knight are like cardboard cut-outs rather than Polish patriots—and Miss Patricia Medina, extracting the detonator from a live bomb, is liable to cause a giggle rather than a gasp. By making all the Germans beasts and bullies, Mr. Sewell has given a slight horror comic flavour to a film which, if Mr. Newman is to be believed, should have smacked of authenticity if any film could.



BOOKS I AM READING

I call this an important novel

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES



"Oh, I was just wondering what our first fight will be about, Fred . . . er George"

Drawing (comic): This joke by Chon Day comes from *One Moment, Girl*, a book of cartoons selected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, by Marjorie R. Nickles (Constable, London, 12s. 6d.).

BOOKS IN PICTURES

Drawing (straight): This sketch of Venus and Psyche is by Raphael. It is one of the 54 illustrations in *Louvre Masterpieces Of Italian Painting*, by C. Bazin (George Rainbird, London, 7 gns.).



SOMETIMES a novel comes up that is more than easy entertainment, more than a way of merely passing the time. (Occasionally in my gloomier moments I am driven to believe that most of us, myself included, read fiction obsessively because it is there, like the classic answer to the question, "Why do you want to climb Everest?") Alberto Moravia is a very distinguished novelist, and his latest book, *Two Women* (Secker & Warburg), is a novel I find very important, depressingly hackneyed as the word has become.

The good, simple title says just what the book is about—Cesira, the widow of a Roman shopkeeper, tough, passionate, simple and intelligent, and her beloved 17-year-old daughter Rosetta. It is a war book, examining war's effect on the lives and natures of the two women—Moravia has a peculiarly sensitive, sometimes chillingly expert comprehension of women, and the book is told with astonishing conviction,

in the person of Cesira. It is her narrative, her tone of voice, her way of thinking and feeling, and never for a moment do you doubt it.

The war drives the woman and her daughter from Rome to the hills and a hard, desperate, basic existence, their aim simply to live. War rolls over them, soldiers come and go, and from talk and Cesira's own reflections a most delicate and complex assessment of fighting, defeat, homelessness, and different national ways of thinking is built up. No heroics are possible, but the mere determination to live is made almost heroic in itself. Then the girl is raped by Moroccan soldiers, and her whole personality changes. The war makes her a prostitute, her mother a thief.

But finally they struggle back to Rome and to a re-affirmation of life. Cesira begins to believe that neither she nor her daughter has been fundamentally changed—"... thanks to sorrow, we had emerged from the war which had enclosed us in its tomb of indifference and wickedness, and had started to walk again along the path of our own life, which was, maybe, a poor thing full of obscurities and errors but nevertheless the only life we ought to live. . . ."

I think this is a big, tragic, compassionate book, painful and ugly but also very beautiful. Its theme is as large as life; and the relationship between Cesira and her daughter seems to me one of the finest things Moravia has ever written.

Two points bothered me, all the same. One is the sheer difficulty involved in reading gigantic paragraphs, some as long as three and a half unbroken pages, with dialogue run into the narrative, very trying to the eye. The other is the handsome, dramatic jacket, with two beautiful dark women, one a black-eyed girl with a nibbled fringe of straight hair, both faces perfectly matched. But Cesira says of Rosetta: "... she did not at all resemble me physically; she had a face rather like a little sheep . . . her hair, too, reminded one of lamb's wool; it was of a dark blonde colour and very, very thick and curly. . . ." Who, then, is this interloper on the jacket? Unimportant, maybe. But the force of the book is such that you *know* the two women in your mind's eye. (It only remains, of course, for me to discover that Moravia himself chose the two faces on the jacket, which would serve one right for fussing about minor details.)

Playback (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.) is, believe it or not, a new Raymond Chandler, and the return of Philip Marlowe, lonely and tough as old bullets and drinking away the same as ever, should be welcomed with a stern, laconic cheer out of the corner of the mouth and a double Gibson all round.



Betty Swaabe

**Miss Jennifer Beryl Daw
to Mr. Mark Randall Palmer**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Warwick Daw, Firhill, Whitchurch-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. He is the son of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. K. R. Palmer, Serrano 207, Madrid



Betty Swaabe

**Miss Sally Probart Jones
to Mr. John Bardsley**

She is the daughter of Mr. A. Probart Jones, Kincardine Castle, Perthshire, and of Mrs. Daniel Swinden, Queen's Gate, London. She is designing her own dress and those of the bridesmaids. He is the son of the late Mr. R. V. Bardsley & Mrs. Bardsley, Eaton Mansions, London



Yevonde

**Miss April Sally Villar
to Lt. Miles J. Rivett-Carnac, R.N.**

She is the daughter of Major A. A. S. Villar and of Mrs. I. N. Fyfe-Jamieson, Norton, Suffolk. He is the son of Vice-Admiral & Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, Bury St. Edmunds



Hills & Saunders

**Miss Elizabeth Helen Fagan
to Major George Stewart Nickerson**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. F. F. Fagan, Littlefield, Gerrards Cross. He is the son of the late Major-Gen. W. H. S. Nickerson, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., & Mrs. Nickerson



Yevonde

**Miss Ann Daglish to
Captain David Boyd Alexander-Sinclair**

She is the daughter of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. E. G. Daglish, Thatched Cottage, East Haddon, Northamptonshire. He is the only son of Commander & Mrs. Alexander-Sinclair, Bowling, Dunbartonshire

As usual, I never for one instant got the drift of the plot and am totally mystified about what everyone was up to. But Marlowe pursues his old love-hate relationships with two new women, gets bashed on the head and insulted, keeps his disillusion evergreen, returns to the empty mailbox, the drink in the kitchen, and the "blank wall in a meaningless room in a meaningless house," and what more can one ask? Marlowe's world is a deep, deep dream of disenchantment, and Chandler my magician.

But wait—the last telephone call brings news. Linda Loring, she of the soft and yielding lips and half-blind eyes, is calling from the Ritz in Paris and is lonely for Marlowe. She is heading back to Los Angeles, as he is too proud to accept her offer of a plane ticket to Paris, and though she doesn't want to own Marlowe ("Nobody ever will") she just wants to love him. Mr. Chandler, I read, feels that his poor battered private eye deserves a resident pair of loving arms. I am unconvinced and uneasy, but we shall see. Somebody could always shoot her, I suppose, if she ever looked like trying to alter the tone of the place.

I must admit to really deep perplexity about *Mackerel Plaza* (Gollancz, 15s.), a new novel by Peter de Vries, whose *Tunnel Of Love* and *Comfort Me With Apples* gave him

a terrific and well deserved reputation as a light, odd, very American funny man with disconcerting occasional depths. *Mackerel Plaza* is, I think, about the Reverend Mackerel, who is 35, much troubled by women, evangelists, people who practise a "gimme use of prayer," his own carnal fantasies, and his parishioners who persist in making a saint out of his late wife who fell out of a canoe, though some say he killed her. He is the anti-hero we now meet round every corner, clever and off-beat, contemporary as a stress symptom, misunderstood by everyone, unlucky in work and love (Mackerel's one attempt at unlegalized passion is foiled by the fact that the lady takes two sleeping pills and passes straight out), violent and dottily unpredictable. Mackerel is new in so far as he is the ecclesiastical version. He preaches, slangily and surprisingly, on oral diction and on shaggy-dog stories. "There's only one thing I fear and hate," he says furiously, "and that's people shirking the obligation to evolve."

I don't really grasp *Mackerel Plaza* one little bit, and even quite simple things like the story-line kept eluding me, obscured by the frenzy of the wild, wild clergyman. But read it, it's weird.

I have also read . . . *A Tribe Of Women*, by

Herve Bazin (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.), a glum story, very stark and guilt-ridden, about how only girls are born in the house of La Fouve and about how Isabelle, deserted by her husband, marries Maurice and slowly dies of lupus while Maurice seduces his step-daughter which maddens fearful old nanny Nathalie who eventually comes round when another girl is born and Maurice beats a retreat. It's less torrid than *Lorca* on all-female households, but all the same I prefer a nice cool Jane Austen-eye-view on too many girls in the family. The nicest character is an idiot child called Berthe. . . . And *Shylock For A Summer*, by Diana Valk (Cassell, 18s.), a delightful, tender book about the author's husband, the late Frederick Valk, and the year they both spent with their two sons in Canada, while Valk was acting there. Valk was one of the greatest actors I have ever seen, and one of the most deeply lovable, truly good men I have ever met. The book, an unusual, original kind of biography-cum-memoir, is full of life and spirit and love, in no way a solemn, stiff tribute. It conveys all the courage and vitality that the man carried with him, and the happiness that he communicated. It tells you a lot about acting and an actor's life—and this was a fine, full life—it has great serenity, and I eagerly want everyone to read it.

At your service



IF YOU WANT to know who makes the clothes that many of the young Society marrieds wear, who dresses the debs and makes their wedding gowns, the answer is often Belinda Bellville (*above*). The daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, she was herself a *débutante* in 1947. Now, in her shop at 14 Motcomb Street, she has as visitors and clients, Miss Anna Massey, Lady Blandford, Lady Angela Oswald, Lady Porchester, Mrs. Christopher Lloyd, the Hon. Iris Peake, the Hon. Mrs. David Nall-Cain, Lady Lowson and many others.

Belinda (who has a staff of 25) designs, cuts and supervises the making of all the dresses. With her partner, Mrs. Scott, she started the business on £500 and gave her first collection six years ago at her grandmother's house in Manchester Square. (One of the models was Fiona Campbell-Walter, now Baroness von Thyssen.) It was an immediate success and the business now has an annual turnover running into five figures. In her unpretentious "salon," customers are treated like friends, which, indeed, many of them are. She says: "We're terribly shabby here, really, but honestly I find that no one, even those with lots of money, really cares two hoots about décor."

Her prices, including materials, range roughly from £25 to £120 (ball and wedding dresses). Her *forte* is "big occasion dresses"—this season she has dressed no fewer than 47 *débutantes*. Friendly, gay and married with a daughter of 2½, Belinda combines in her designing the advantages of good taste, sophistication and social know-how.

Above left: Sketched here is Anna Massey's wedding dress. With an enormously full skirt, it was made of white cotton organdie, with white satin bands around the skirt and binding the collar and cuffs. The dress was mounted over Victorian lawn and layers of stiff petticoats.

Left: An example of the sketches made for Belinda's clients. This one shows a short evening dress in white wild silk with a wild silk rose at the high waist, tied by an apple-green velvet ribbon.

The woman who insists on
the personal touch in fashion
can still get it at the
smaller houses described here



JENNY FISCHER of 16 Motcomb Street, an attractive, vivacious Frenchwoman (*above*), boldly states that she never gives a customer a hat that does not suit her. She has been making for a private clientele for the last three and a half years and designs all her own hats. She aims to get, whenever possible, exclusive materials. Also, of course, she makes hats to a particular dress or whim of a customer and specializes in wedding head-dresses—which comes in nice and handy for a bride who orders her dress from Belinda Bellville next door. Veils, which are necessarily an integral part of a bridal head-dress, are specially cut to fit each individual head-dress. Jenny Fischer's hats are essentially feminine and therefore flattering. Her prices range from 3 gns. to 6½ gns. in the Boutique, and from about 10 gns. in the Model Collection.

Above, right: A hat made in layers of stiffened white tulle, springing from a flat, tulle crown, bound in emerald green to match the tiny bows scattered over the hat.

Right: In a more tailored style, a delightful breton in printed cotton of vivid gold, brown and orange, with a bow at the back.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MICHEL MOLINARE

Buttons & bows and

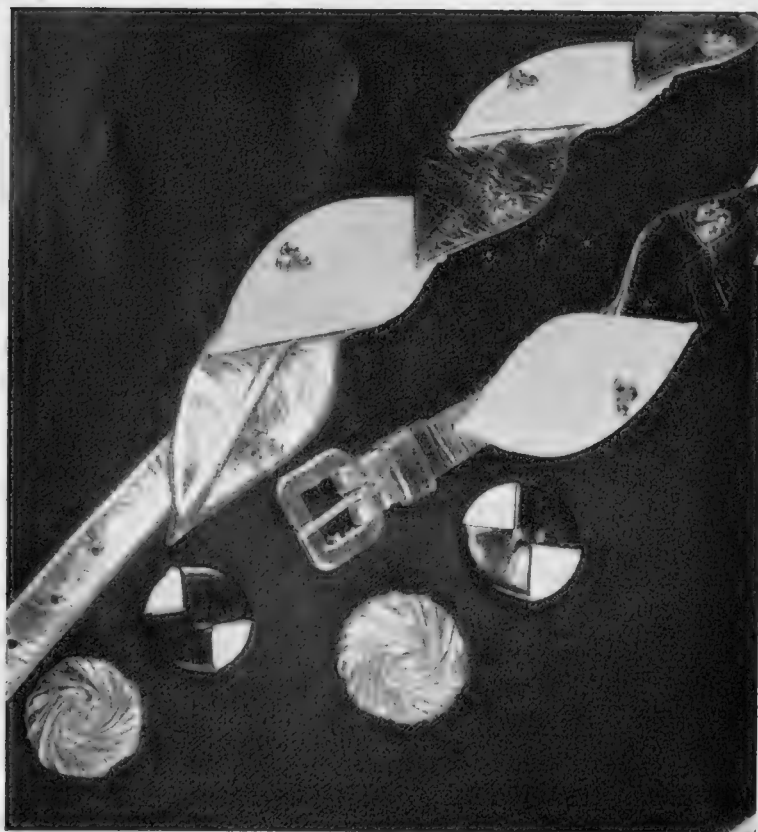


Michel Molinaré

BETTY ALLAN (*below*) and her husband, Ben, of Paris House, are two of the best known personalities in London fashion. To their showroom at 41 South Molton Street come the top couturiers for belts, buttons, jewels and embroidery for their collections. In nearby attic workrooms a diamanté tiara is reset for a peeress to hire—for only 3 gns. A glorious *collier* of tinted crystal beads is dyed to match the exact colours of the gown an actress will wear at a first night, or a set of buttons to tone with a Hardy Amies suit. Even the Imperial Crown (held by Betty Allan in the picture) on the Queen's effigy at Madame Tussaud's, was made, like most of the facsimiles of historic jewels there, by Paris House. Leather belts to order cost from 35s.—hand-made buttons from 2s. 11d. each.

Top left: Rhinestone leaf tiara (price: 11 gns., or 3 gns. hire fee). The necklet has a pendant that can be detached to form a brooch (price: 11½ gns.). The rhinestone ear-rings cost 2½ gns. and the rhinestone bracelet, 8 gns.

Below left: An example of Paris House belt- and button-making. This belt in gold kid and white calf is embroidered with rhinestones (price: 5 gns.).



AT YOUR
SERVICE*continued*

exclusive clothes

NOEL HOWLAND (*below*), 26, is a courageous individualist. With little capital he has plunged on his own into the difficult world of couture. Already discerning women who wish to wear exclusive models without spending a fortune have found their way to his small showroom at 49 George Street, W.1. He draws sketches for each client, discusses materials and fittings, and the occasions for which the dress or suit is intended. His flair is for sophisticated, uncluttered clothes. His prices, including the cost of the material, average 27 gns. for a day dress, 35-40 gns. for suits. Evening dresses begin at 20 gns.—but then, as he says, "The sky can be the limit, depending on what the client wants." Making takes from a fortnight to three weeks. Perhaps the best testimonial is that Mrs. Nigel Campbell, better known as Barbara Goalen—London's foremost model before her marriage—has most of her clothes made for her by this up-and-coming young designer.

Top right: The cream brocade wedding dress made for the Hon. Judith Browne (now the Hon. Mrs. S. Haslam).

Bottom right: Mrs. Nigel Campbell's dress worn at this year's Ascot on Gold Cup day.





Michel Molinare



Under and

IDEALLY corsetry should fit like a second skin. Madame Illa Knina (*above*), of 20 Bruton Street, W.1, sells nothing that is not made-to-measure. She combines artistry with functionalism. She uses for her foundation garments every imaginable colour and exciting contrasting fabrics. Madame Knina believes that her garments should be as attractive as any in a woman's wardrobe, and as varied. In her salon she has always a large collection of brassières, corselettes, belts and swimsuits, which she shows on a model. Any of these can be made to a customer's own requirements.

Top left: The ultra in femininity for the beach. A swimsuit made of layers of white nylon lace mounted on a foundation of fine nylon elastic. The coat is also made of white nylon lace. Swimsuits made-to-measure cost from 18 gns.

Bottom right: Strapless corset of contrasting lilac and green nylon elastic woven with a gold non-tarnishable thread. Made-to-measure in any colours, about 26 gns.

Bottom left: Strapless corselette in smoke-blue sheer nylon for evening wear. It has a nylon skirt, mounted on white, to continue an unbroken line over the hips.



ONE of a woman's greatest joys is to have hand-made lingerie. Nothing can compare with the luxury of pure silk appliquéd with exquisite lace. In London it is still possible to find hand-sewn lingerie made by English girls, whose work is comparable with the best to be found on the Continent.

Honoré, of 46 South Audley Street, have for the last 20 years been specializing in making trousseaux and designing individual negligees for their clients. Many film stars wait until they visit London to order their lingerie from Honoré. Greer Garson, the Maharanee of Baroda, Elizabeth Taylor and Dame Felicity Peake are a few of the well-known customers who have their lingerie made-to-order there.

Right: This tailored dressing gown is made of cyclamen-pink cotton satin, hand-bound with white satin. Price : about £22.

Below: An exquisitely made nightdress in peach satin, trimmed with *café-au-lait* lace, with an inset front panel of peach pure silk chiffon. This nightdress can be bought from the collection or made to order. Price : about 21 gns. The matching jacket : about 14 gns.



AT YOUR SERVICE

continued

over



Ruby Carel of 4 & 5 Grosvenor Street, W.1, made the hat in a hyacinth-blue cotton printed with cyclamen flowers

Photographs by
Peter Alexander

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

Suited by Science

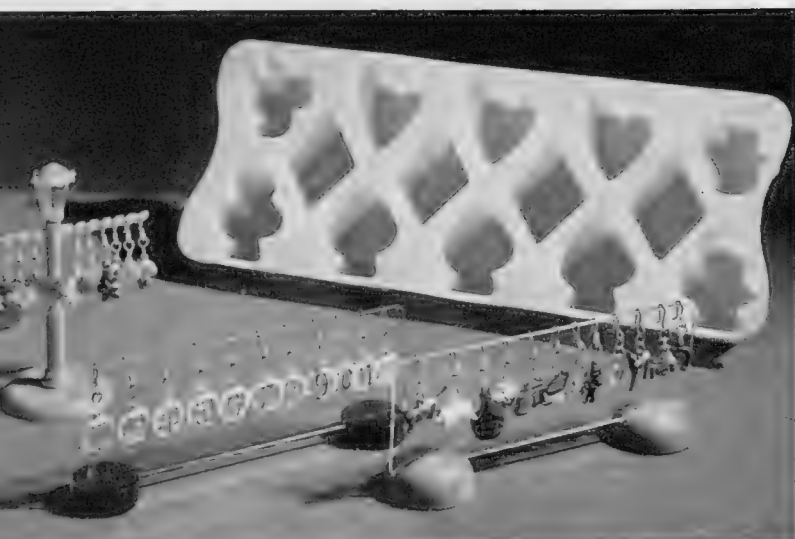
ONE CAN hardly blame a woman today for feeling dazzled by science—so diverse and intricate are the synthetic fibres woven or knitted into her garments! Here is a recent newcomer from the test-tubes, Courtauld's "Courtelle." It is knitted into a jersey cloth for this Dorville model. "Courtelle" has warmth, handles as softly as wool, washes willingly, and dries quickly. Because it is unsympathetic to creases, clothes in "Courtelle" are

excellent for hard wear-and-tear. This sleeveless dress (*below*) in hyacinth-blue "Courtelle" jersey with its matching jacket (*opposite*) is at Selfridge (London), Madame de Witt (Croydon), Joan Sutherland (Maidenhead) and Renée Meneely (Belfast). The price: about £24.

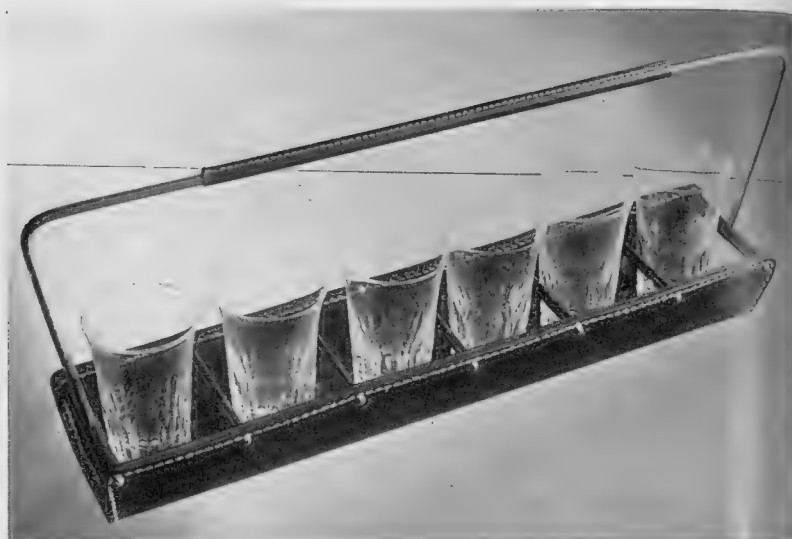
The stone-coloured bag (£2 17s. 6d.) and the jewellery are from Selfridges. The washable stone-coloured gloves by Dents.







Long, cool drinks need ice—but why be a square? Ice made in the novelty tray (above) is shaped like playing-card symbols (3s. 11d.). The glass-markers help to avoid mixed-up glasses at a party (5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.). Selfridges



This glass-holder is made in red or black leather (£6 1s.). Six drinks can be carried safely in it (glasses, 12s. each). Fortnum & Mason

SHOPPING

A long, cool drink in comfort

by JEAN STEELE



The Syfonex soda-siphon holds seven pints. Made in heavy plastic, it is refilled simply by inserting the cartridge, which is filled with two envelopes of a special powder (£4 15s. 6d.; refills 2s. 6d.). Selfridges



The fitted tube inside this jug can be filled with ice or warm water to control the temperature of the liquid in the jug without diluting it. The mountings are made of silver plate (£14 10s.). Selfridges



The jug in this seven-piece Swedish set has a specially-shaped lip to hold back ice when the drinks are poured out. It is obtainable in green blue or flint (£2 10s.). Fortnum & Mason



The rotary juice-press has a base of vitreous enamel and a turntable of plastic. It is easily taken to pieces for cleaning (£3 7s. 6d.). Selfridges

Dennis Smith



BEAUTY

by JEAN CLELAND

When heat goes to your head

WITH the holiday season in full swing and people setting out each day for sun-baked countries, this is the time to talk about things that make for "coolth" and sweet refreshment. Even in Britain the climate may land us in the midst of a heat-wave at the drop of a hat, in which case we shall all be glad to know about the latest counter-measures.

Air is quickly affected by the heat, and tends to become lank and heavy when the sun perspires. A good way of preventing this is by the use of the new Molyneux Frictions. These are in two fragrances, one the famous "Le Numero Cinq" and the other a new classical Cologne called "Trois Couronnes." These Frictions not only cool but invigorate the scalp, and leave the hair freshly scented. These are for salon use, and can be applied by the hairdresser on request.

With accessories are never more welcome than in the hot weather, when they fill the bathroom with the smell of flowers. Lily, violet, honeysuckle, hyacinth, jasmine, gardenia and many more can be had in a variety of different products. The days when one dropped a cube in the bath and left it at that, are gone. Now the same scent can drift like a theme throughout the entire toilet. For the bath, bath salts, essences and oils; after it, toilet waters, friction lotions and skin perfumes; for ensuring and maintaining freshness, various types of deodorants; and lastly for the finishing touch, dusting powders and tales. These are constantly being added to or improved upon, and to keep you up-to-date here is some of the latest news.

From Morny I hear that their skin perfume is now available in four new fragrances, these being "June Roses," "Lily of the Valley," "Gardenia" and "French Fern." Just to say the names brings a feeling of refreshment, and the scents themselves, rubbed lightly over the neck and arms after the bath, are delicate and clinging.

Perfumed Colognes are becoming more and more popular for use after the bath, and one that has just been introduced by 4711 is the "Tosca Cologne" to go with the "Tosca"

perfume. These are both very refreshing, and have the same sort of reviving quality as the 4711 Cologne itself. To go with them is "Tosca" talcum and bath cubes. The same scent can also be had in a solid stick, useful for carrying in the handbag.

Deodorants are an essential part of good grooming, and are used regularly by most women fastidious about personal freshness. How early should young girls start using them? Experts on the subject say the early teens is the best time. Teenagers are advised to start with one of the cream deodorants, which are usually mild and gentle in action. It is a good idea too to use a talcum powder containing deodorizing ingredients. When they are older they can change to something a little stronger, and since most of them are busy in jobs, or training for careers, they will want something quick and easy to use. One of the newest in this category is the "Odo-Ro-No Perfumed Roll-on." This gives all day protection, is pleasantly scented, and "rolls" on very smoothly and gently. The "Mum Rollette" too is very handy, and takes only a matter of seconds to use. It acts like a face astringent, closing and bracing the pores, so that both the person and the clothes are protected.

Goya's "Check" has long been a great favourite. This too has a double action: deodorant and anti-perspirant, and has now been still further improved. It is still in solid stick form, but is more stable and whiter in colour, and effective for at least 24 hours.

"Go" caters for people who are travelling or going on holiday, with three different kinds of anti-perspirant deodorants. For use in a train or car there is the quick acting stick in a push-up plastic case. This is stroked on and is easy to apply under any conditions. For use when travelling by air (because it is very light to carry) there is the "Go" cream in a new American Flexitube. Lastly, something quite new is the "Go" spray recommended for those who follow energetic holiday pursuits during the day such as deck quoits, tennis or hiking, or for dancing in the evening. It lasts, they say, from one to three days.



Round The Town, a John Cornel hair style, has a casual air, achieved by classically perfect cutting. Anyone can wear it, but it must be cut to follow the individual face-line

Fair Lady, short, chic and youthful, is practical for holidays. Its secret, like that of the style above, is immaculate shaping. This, too, is by John Cornel





How the Germans do it (1): Open-style parking garages help to meet traffic needs in Cologne

MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

No parking, but much paying

APUBLISHER I know has just had burglars in his London office for the second time in eighteen months. Desk broken open, papers scattered and all the usual mess. He finds it small consolation to see six policemen below his office window spending the day taking the numbers of parked cars, nor to hear that since the bus strike the number of cars towed away from the surrounding streets has set a new record.

The moment a transport strike begins, insurance concessions are announced to enable private motorists to act as unpaid carriers for the working multitude. The moment it is over the anti-motoring screw is given another turn. The cuts in central area bus services which the strike had shown to be necessary, appear to have been shelved at the behest of the unions, but new restrictions can be imposed on private cars without their permission. Now the Ministry of Transport has launched its scheme for hiring out the streets of Mayfair to those who can pay the most, a scheme that even manufacturers of parking meters have condemned as contrary to the basic principles on which parking controls should be based.

Had the efforts to extend the transport strike to the Underground succeeded, only private vehicles could have prevented the business life of the metropolis coming to a standstill. I would have thought that a government concerned to maintain the Palace of Westminster as the seat of government in this country would have responded with vigorous new steps to promote the flow of traffic and extend parking facilities. It would have been encouraging to hear of a positive plan to devote the revenue from parking meters to the provision of off-street parking facilities. At the moment there is a gloomy conviction that this money is destined to go the way of the Road Fund. Could we not have some evidence of urgency in dealing with the plan for concrete parking platforms alongside the Thames or even some action to make use of the Kingsway Tunnel, which has lain empty so long.

The official attitude to the provision of off-street parking seems to be simple. If you provide more parking space more people will use cars and then it would be essential to build better roads and that just isn't possible. In an effort to break the log jam, the indefatigable experts of the British Road Federation have made an extensive study of Kingston-on-Thames as a typical borough where parking has become an urgent problem. They do not agree that control can only be achieved by the parking meter and they have produced a variety of detailed schemes. All these are based on the principle that adequate off-street parking must be provided and that charges for facilities should range from a free period of one hour for the shopper, to not more than 2s. a day for the long-term parker.

Simply restricting the total number of vehicles by parking controls and a system of meters is a negative policy that will ultimately drive down property values. American experience has shown that if it

becomes too difficult to reach shops and offices in the central area by car new office and new shopping centres spring up elsewhere, leaving the centre virtually derelict.

In a country like ours, so obviously suffering from arterio-sclerosis, you have to be really ingenious to find new reasons for not building roads; but some economic experts have managed it. Ever since the war we have been told that we cannot have a large road-building programme in times of prosperity because it would be inflationary. When we are threatened with recession and inadequate capital investment it appears we must not expand road-building because that would take a long time to get going and we might have a boom on our hands before it was completed. In short, the time is never ripe for building roads in Britain.

There is also a suggestion that a big road-building programme might be regarded as inflationary by the bankers of Zurich and would be used as an excuse for an attack on the £ sterling. But it is a curious thing that no one seems to sell D-marks short because West Germany insists on spending vast sums to improve and extend the world's finest trunk-road network. Whenever I have met any Swiss bankers their chief concern for Britain seemed to be centred on the government's inability to deal with wildcat strikes the ever-mounting expenditure on welfare services, and the penal taxation suffered by those who do show energy and initiative.

I wonder if people realize what a bad effect Britain's traffic problem has on foreign opinion? A German traffic expert recently admitted he was astonished at the patience of British drivers but added: "Perhaps if you were less patient you would have better roads." Recently I met the editor-in-chief of an important German chain of technical magazines on his first visit to England and he said, "I heard that London was 75 miles from Dover and I expected to do this in a little over an hour in my Porsche Carrera, but it took me 2½ hours. I do not understand how an industrial country can remain competitive under such a handicap." And an American editor whom I met last autumn wrote on his return home: "We get mad at the traffic hold-ups in downtown Los Angeles but you don't know what traffic jams are until you have been to Britain."



How the Germans do it (2): Department stores are building their own parking garages. This one is also in Cologne

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DINING IN

I advocate avocados

by HELEN BURKE

UNDER "AVOCADO" in the rather old-fashioned *Encyclopaedia of Practical Cookery*, we are told "see Alligator Pear." Today, however, avocados—not Alligators—are better known. The most exciting food news for me this week is that avocados from South Africa are 1s. 3d. each—the best ones I have ever found.

Each comes in a little plastic bag on which are printed suggestions for presenting them. Each, also, has had its stem end dipped in wax so that its fullness is retained and nothing "foreign" could invade the fruit. Not a blemish have I found in any of these "pears."

I am entirely without imagination where avocados are concerned and serve them simply with an oil-rich French dressing containing, perhaps, a little more mustard than is strictly necessary. This must be made so slowly that the oil and vinegar hold together with no trace of separating. A good pinch of sugar helps to mellow everything. At the last minute I halve the avocados lengthwise, remove the stones, and fill the cavities with the dressing.

In place of French dressing, lime juice, or lime juice and a sprinkling of sugar are recommended, but when these precious fruits are so inexpensive I see no reason why we should not try out these suggestions on the little plastic bags.

Here they are:

Sliced into small cubes and used with tomatoes and lettuce in cold salads; cubed or mashed with salt, pepper, lemon or vinegar, and served with lobster, shrimp and other sea foods; as an hors d'oeuvre, mashed and seasoned with tomato sauce, chopped onion seasoning; as a sandwich spread, mashed with seasoning. Those who give cocktail parties and have what are known as "dips" would probably like *Guacamole*. I have taken this recipe from *Esquire Cookbook*:

Scoop the flesh from 1 ripe avocado into a bowl and mash it. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ ripe tomato, peeled and minced, 1 tablespoon minced sweet pepper, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chili powder, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well. Chill. Serve as dip for potato chips.

Chili powder is pretty pungent. I would say add it to taste or use Tabasco sauce to your liking.

Well, having tried the above, I shall return to French dressing in the holes left by the stones!

With the weather at its warmest as I write, I hope it will continue at its best to justify the following notes on Salad Nicoise. This is one of the wonderful mixtures from Nice which, when the appetite flags, can serve as a small main dish. It is a pleasurable way of making use of some of yesterday's left-over potatoes, peas or French beans.

For 3 to 4 servings, dice a good breakfastcup of cooked potatoes and slice an equal quantity of cooked French beans into diamonds. Toss them together in a Ravigote sauce. Add 2 to 3 oz. halved stoned black olives (or green ones if preferred). Pile this mixed salad in the centre of a serving dish and surround it with $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. small ripe tomatoes, cut into crescents or eighths. Spoon a little more sauce over all and garnish with a small tin of anchovy fillets.

For the sauce: Slowly mix together 2 tablespoons wine vinegar, 6 tablespoons olive oil, pepper and salt to taste, 1 oz. small capers, a little chopped onion and a tablespoon of finely-chopped mixed herbs (parsley, tarragon, chervil and chives). Add the juice from a large clove of garlic squeezed in a garlic press.



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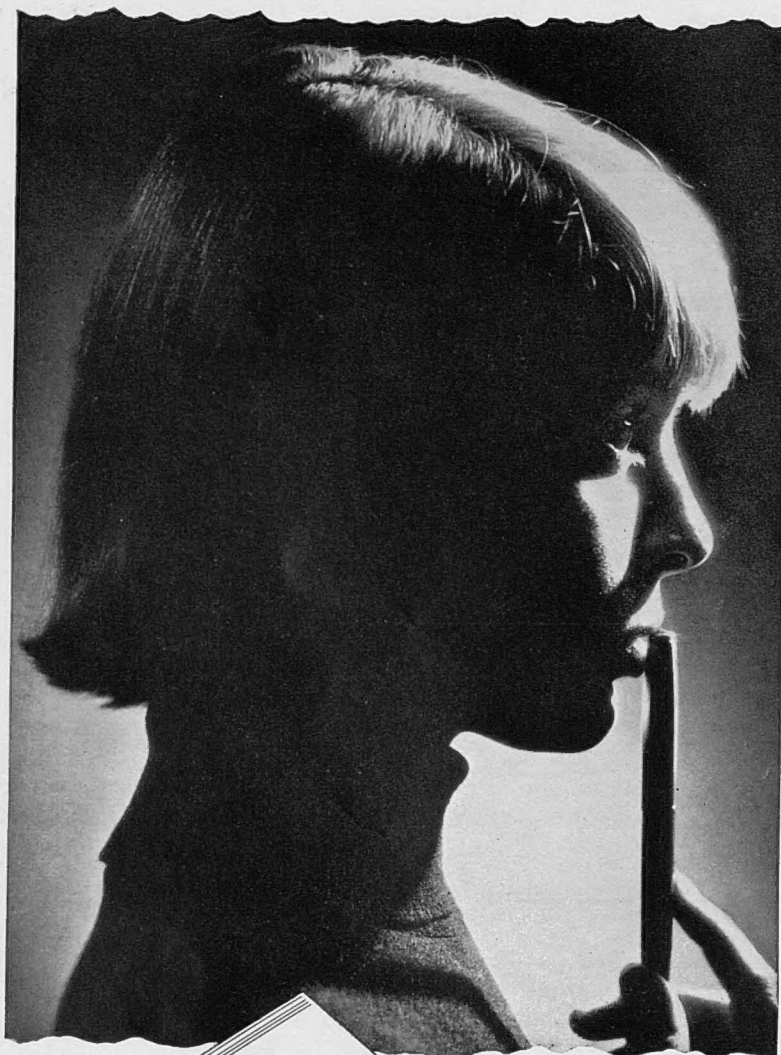
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DINING OUT

The lights of Lisbon—in Soho

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THERE ARE several unusual features about the gay Portuguese restaurant "The Estoril" in Dean Street off Shaftesbury Avenue. Not the least of them is the fact that its proprietor is an English engineer named Eric Allan, who spends a considerable time in Portugal.

He became convinced that a Portuguese restaurant should be managed by a native of that country so he engaged a charming lady in Lisbon, Isabel Dos Anjos, for the job.

This was a courageous thing to do because she could not speak a word of English at the time so he sent her over to work in the restaurant. Just as soon as she could talk English she took over the management and she has been running it successfully for five years.

She has a Portuguese chef and some of the waitresses also come from Portugal.

Here, of course, is genuine Portuguese food and you have a wide choice under the heading of "Especialidade Portuguesa" at reasonable prices. They make far more use of food than we do and I tried their "Bacalhau Estoril," which is baked cod with tomatoes and onion and excellent at 6s. I followed it with "Rojões à Transmontana," a marinade of pork and rice, for 6s. 6d. By this time I'd eaten myself to a standstill.

There is a wide choice of Portuguese wines at a remarkably low price at the table, averaging about 12s. 6d. per bottle. The best thing to do is to have a Sherry or Madeira at the bar and get Isabel Dos Anjos to help you plan your meal according to your appetite; you will find her delighted to do so.

An interesting place to visit if you find yourself in Bristol is an old English inn called "The Unicorn." You won't be able to walk into it off the street because it is in the cellars of John Harvey & Sons, the wine merchants.

This has been created for them by that specialist in interior design, Alex Waugh, as a place to entertain their guests. He spent some months visiting ancient inns, collecting old beams from disused barns, panelling from country houses which were being pulled down, over 800 old bricks, and bits and pieces such as a brass lantern, old mugs, pewter tankards, and even a Queen Anne trivet for roasting larks.

Apart from all this you get a fine "view" of the countryside through the windows by means of some remarkable colour transparencies by Percy Hennell.

Here is part of a speech made by Mr. George McWatters when the "pub" was opened by the Lord Mayor of Bristol. "A man who drinks good wine in moderation feels a rosy glow of well-being. He is at peace with the world and his fellow men. The history of the world might have been very different if Hitler had been a wine-drinker instead of a teetotaler, or if Stalin had sipped the juice of the grape instead of tossing down fiery spirit." To this I can only add the last lines of a famous chorus: "and so say all of us."




The Unicorn, set up in the cellars of John Harvey & Sons, in Bristol, is a replica of an old English Inn. "Mine host" is Mr. W. Knott, the head cellar man



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At the request of advertisers, Classified Advertisements appeared, for the first time, in THE TATLER of July 16. These small advertisements are undoubtedly welcomed by readers and are useful to them, so that the interest is shared by both advertisers and readers. Whatever you have to sell (or wish to buy) your Classified Advertisement, set under the appropriate heading, will be well displayed at the economical rate of 1/- per word with a minimum of 15 words (Box number 1s. 6d. extra). Orders and enquiries should be addressed to:

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